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AUGUST DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O fading days of August! the hot breath of the Summer
Is passing with your passage, from woodland and from lawn;
The Summer hours are dying—
The Summer breezes, sighing,
Seem to our hearts to whisper in flower and leaflet: "Gone."

Gone! What is gone? The Summer still lingers on the threshold,
In the departing August, its passing leaves and flowers.
But even while it lingers,
With music on its fingers,
A sadness has its lesson unto these hearts of ours.

It speaks of those departed, of those who from the August
Have passed into the Autumn, and faded as the leaf;
Each loved and tender blossom
That nestled on our bosom,
As sweet as was the Summer, and as its hours is brief.

O fading days of August! O dying days of August!
The closing of the Summer, bring back our lost again!
Your breezes softly sighing,
While Summer hours are dying,
Are sometimes very biser, as if with human pain.

RUBY;

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

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CHAPTER III.

MARK AND RUBY MEET TO PART.

The carriage whirled rapidly up Broadway, and ere it had gone three blocks Ruby began to revive. At first her mind was in that dazed condition which prevented a too sudden understanding of what had occurred; but by swift degrees the motion of the vehicle and the sight of the man who sat opposite brought all of her senses again to her aid, and, with a hope of some help at hand, she uttered a piercing scream.

"The devil!" cried her captor, and in an instant he was by her side, and had imprisoned her face in a large handkerchief.

But she seemed possessed of superhuman strength, and, tearing from her mouth the silken bondage, she woke the silent night with shrieks so shrill, so fraught with bodily fear and anguish, that they arose high above the rattle of the wheels and the curses of her abductor, and were heard far and near. The driver stopped his horses, and gave vent to oaths both loud and deep.

"Here, this won't do!" said he hastily. "It's all very well for *you;* but the first thing I know they'll grab me, team and all. Can't you quiet her?"

"Not without hurting her, and that won't pay. If I'd only brought some chloroform!"

Here another shriek from Ruby pealed forth upon the air.

"The street's alive!" cried the hackman. "Here's three chaps runnin' for us not a block off, and one of 'em's a cop."

"What shall we do?"

"You can do as you d——d please, but I'm off," and he mounted the box with the activity of a squirrel.

Ruby's captor gave one look into the street. It was indeed alive. A throng of people attracted by Ruby's cries were fast closing in upon them. With an oath he opened the carriage-door, and, pushing Ruby into the street, shouted to the driver, who drove off like a whirlwind, and they were soon lost in the distance.

The poor girl thus rudely precipitated from the carriage stumbled, and would have fallen but for the assistance of a stalwart policeman, to whom she hastily told her story, together with a desire to return to her home at once. The carriage being out of sight and pursuit impracticable, the officer, with many consolatory remarks, for he had grown-up daughters of his own, accompanied her to the end of his "beat," and delivered her over to the care of the roundsman, with a brief explanation of the affair. The latter officer said:

"If you don't mind walking a little way to the station-house, I will get one of our men off duty to escort you home. I cannot leave my beat."

"Thank you, sir," replied Ruby, who was still trembling from excitement and fatigue; "but I think I can reach my boarding-house without assistance."

"You had better not risk it in your present condition," replied the kind-hearted roundsman. "There's the station-house yonder," and he pointed to where a green light shone out brilliantly.

In a few seconds they were ascending the steps, Ruby with a little feeling of awe and fear, which the nature of the place excited in one unaccustomed to its scenes. A white-haired sergeant sat at a desk, inscribing on a large book the name and occupation of an apparent laborer, very drunk and exceedingly abusive. The details having been concluded, the man was removed to a cell, requiring the assistance of four stout policemen to carry him there. He having asserted his determination never to be locked up and disgrace his family, he laid himself down at full length on the floor, and was carried out with the greatest difficulty. At his exit the sergeant turned to Ruby and her companion. The roundsman told his story in a few words. The sergeant looked at Ruby keenly. She felt her color rising, and dropped her eyes at his sharp glance. But she might have been reassured. The old officer had passed his life in reading human faces, and saw naught in hers but innocent helplessness and candor.

"This is very singular," he said. "A carriage, two men and a girl? I've just sent a young man down for assaulting a gentleman and his daughter as they were getting into a carriage. Doorman, has Johnson come in yet?"

"Just come off post, sir."

"Send him up."

The doorman disappeared, and soon the officer who had arrested Mark stood before them.

"Johnson, do you know this young lady?"

"Yes, sir; I think so. She looks like the young lady whose father was assaulted to-night."

"I have no father," interrupted Ruby. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Describe the man who abducted you," said the sergeant to the perplexed girl.

Ruby did so.

"That's the very man who said he was her father. Sure, you were in a dead faint, miss, and couldn't know much about it," the policeman asserted.

The sergeant rang his bell.

"Bring up Number Nine," said he to the doorman.

That functionary disappeared, and reappeared almost immediately with Mark. At sight of Ruby he gave a great cry of joy.

"Thank God, you are safe!" he said.

Poor Ruby was more than ever perplexed at this strong interest displayed by an entire stranger.

"Tell your story, sir," said the sergeant curtly. Those who knew him best asserted that "his bark was worse than his bite."

Mark did so, omitting any admission of having followed Ruby, and making it appear an accidental rencontre. Ruby listened eagerly, wonderingly, her face turning from white to pink, and from pink to scarlet, as he spoke. It would be difficult to describe the emotions which moved her at this moment. Deep thankfulness for her escape from such deadly peril, anxiety to learn every detail of her attempted rescue, and admiration for the manly young stranger who had risked his life in her defense—these were among the many feelings that coursed rapidly through her mind.

"In conclusion, sir," said Mark, "please accept my card. That is my address. To-morrow I can prove my identity beyond a doubt."

The sergeant took the bit of pasteboard, examined it, gnawed his pen, and spoke:

"Johnson!"

"Sir?"

"You're a jackass!"

Perhaps Johnson had formed a similar opinion in the matter, for he only sniffed meekly and was silent.

"You arrested the wrong man, that's all! You can go." The crestfallen Johnson departed. "It's a little irregular, after a prisoner is booked, to let him go before sending him to court," said the sergeant to Mark; "but this seems such a clear case that I'll take it upon myself to pronounce you free. I am very sorry that the mistake should have occurred."

"So am I," replied Mark.

But was he? Would he not have blessed any chance that could have brought him face to face with the maiden whom he loved so truly and tenderly? For he *was* in love. The events of the last few hours had convinced him of this beyond a doubt.

"I suppose there will be no objection to your accompanying this lady to her residence?" said the sergeant grimly. Perhaps he had already guessed Mark's secret. They were certainly a very good-looking couple. They bade the official "Good-night," and were in the silent, starlit street before either spoke. Then Ruby raised her large gray eyes to Mark's face half shyly, half admiringly.

"You must think me a very rude girl, sir, not to have thanked you for what you have done for me. But indeed the events of the night have so confused me that I am not positively certain that even this is a reality."

"To me," replied Mark gallantly, "it is a very pleasant reality."

Ruby blushed and was silent. How Mark longed to tell her of his love, of his hopes (did he know them himself thoroughly?), and of the feeling akin to adoration which had lasted since—last night! Good Heavens! was it possible? It seemed like months to him. He felt, however, that any avowal at such short acquaintance would be absurd in the extreme, and was fain to content himself with the present, so full of unexpected happiness.

"I hope that you will not venture out again at such an hour," he said at length, "without an escort?"

"I must ask someone at the theatre to accompany me in future. Many of them come my way. I am employed at the —— Theatre."

"I was already aware of it," replied Mark. "I saw you this evening."

A slight flush passed over the girl's face.

"So many people seem to think that one must be degraded to be connected with the stage," she said half wearily; "but, indeed, they are very wrong. I know a great many people in theatrical life who are as kind and good as it is possible to be."

"And I," said Mark, "know of one such at least."

She did not notice the implied compliment.

"All the insults that I have ever received since I went on the stage have been from people whom we term 'outsiders'—not connected in any way with the profession, but who look upon all who *are* connected with it as their legitimate prey. It is very hard to bear sometimes."

"It must be," replied Mark sympathetically. "Is your present life a necessity?"

"A great necessity. I am dependent on my own exertions, and"—she hesitated—"I have duties to perform for another."

Another! A sharp pang smote the young man's heart. Could it be that she was married—her husband ill?

"Did I not understand you to say that your father was dead?"

"Yes," she answered sadly—"father and mother both. I have no one in the world except"—she checked herself, and was silent.

Mark was fairly wretched with baffled curiosity, but good breeding interposed and prevented further questions.

"This is my boarding-house," she said, as they stopped before a high brick house, "and I must bid you good-night. It would be useless for me to repeat how much I thank you for your kindness, but I am sure you will understand my feelings."

"And shall I not see you again?" inquired Mark, more than ever enraptured since he had caught a glimpse of the purity and beauty of her mind.

She smiled, rather bitterly, Mark thought.

"Anyone can see me who pays the price of a ticket."

"I don't mean that. Will there be no opportunity to call upon you at an any time?"

She shook her head.

"I have no gentlemen acquaintances," she said quietly. "People who live in boarding-houses are so censorious. It might make talk, and you know what that means to a girl living alone in a great city."

A girl? Living alone? She was not married, then. Mark gave a sigh of relief. How sensibly she talked! Almost too much so, confound it!

"Besides," she continued, "my time is pretty well taken up all day long. I use my needle a great deal. You need not ring. I have a key. Good-night."

"Good-night," repeated poor Mark, lost in a maze of miserable thoughts.

"God bless you always!" she said as she stood in the half-open doorway. "I shall pray for you every night. Will you tell me your name?"

"Mark Hatfield."

"Mine is Ruby Ray. Once more, good-night."

The door closed, and she was gone.

Mark hailed a passing horse-car. Throwing himself into a vacant corner, he was carried towards his home, wondering very much whether he was intensely happy or exceedingly miserable.

CHAPTER IV.—PLANNING EVIL DEEDS.

A gaudy lamp ornamented the doorway of No. — West Twenty-sixth street, and on it in variegated letters shone the somewhat surprising title of "The Farmers' Home." I say "surprising" advertently; for, had any innocent wanderer from the agricultural districts been induced to seek the shelter of its walls, he might have eyed with some natural astonishment the decidedly unfarmer-like appearance of everything connected with the establishment.

Three men sat at a little table, placed in the centre of a good-sized room playing cards. A roughly-made bar filled up the rear end of the room. It was stocked with bottles, glasses and cheap prints of a sporting character, and presided over by a sallow-faced young man, blessed with a sickly moustache, and who partook of the general unwashed and "up-all-night" appearance of the place. Trade was evidently dull; for the young gentleman was asleep, with his head against a champagne basket, and his feet displaying their liberal proportions on the counter. The men played on.

"I make it eights."

"Good enough."

"Take it, d——n you. There goes your big cassino."

"That settles it. This game's on me, Tommy?"

The barkeeper, brought back from his wanderings in dreamland, tumbled to his feet.

"Three beers, Tommy. I'm sorry; boys, that I can't offer you something better, but I'm pretty nearly strapped."

The speaker was a smooth-faced man of good address, apparently of some education, but with a restless, wandering eye.

"Well, I guess we're all in the same box," answered the man who had won the game. He had the countenance of a bulldog, and his voice seemed to partake of the growl of that delicate animal. "But our next move may turn us all up something, eh?"

The smooth-faced man nodded, and finished his beer at a draught.

"What stonishes me," continued the gentleman of canine qualities, who was known as Sugar Bill—"what 'stonishes *me* is that a man who knows as much as you do should have to be up to such games as ours is. Why, if I knowed a tenth o' what you do, I'd cut our life entirely, and strike for something less risky."

The smooth-faced man, who chose to be known as Captain Black, smiled sardonically.

"What do you mean by something less risky?" he inquired contemptuously. "If you mean writing other people's names to checks, I've had all I want of *that*. A little ten years at Sing Sing, that's all. If you mean the honest dodge, I tried that too. You needn't laugh, for I did. When my time was up, and I came back to New York, I'd fully made up my mind to turn respectable. I calculated that at the other business a man might spend three-fourths of his life in jail, and that's rather wearing on anybody's constitution, so I looked out for something to do. I saw an advertisement for a man who could translate French and German. Well, I could do that, and four or five other languages besides, not to mention a bit of Kanaka and Chinese. I went to the place mentioned. It was a big private house, and any amount of style. The owner wanted someone to translate a lot of marks, and the one who did it was to begin at seven in the morning and leave off at six at night, with time to go out and get his dinner. How much do you think he offered me?"

"No idea," replied Sugar Bill.

"Five dollars a week! I told him I'd see him d——d first, and that ended it, of course."

"And then you went back to the old business?"

"No, not just then. I found work harder to get than I'd expected. I walked the streets and slept in the parks for a good many nights, till I made up my mind to kick my pride overboard and go back to the old chap whose five dollars I'd refused and tell him I'd changed my mind. But when I went there he ordered me out of the house. I talked back, and he sent for the police; so I left in a hurry. Coming down Third avenue, I saw a hardware-store on fire. The owner was just about crazy. I rushed in with him, on the pretext of saving some of his goods. I *did* bring out three or four cases of steel knives. Then I went in once more, and, while he was in another part of the store, I broke open the cash-drawer and, taking all it contained, I ran into the street without being noticed. That night I had a square meal for the first time in a week, and a good bed. I bought some clothes, for I'd made quite a fair 'haul,' and concluded that the old trade was the best for me, after all."

"And quite right, too," said the third man, who had not as yet spoken, and who was none other than the hackman who had assisted in Ruby's abduction.

"Isn't it about time for Dick to show up?" inquired Sugar Bill with a yawn.

"Don't be in a hurry," answered Black. "Dick's putting in his time to good advantage, I'll warrant, wherever he is. Is Barney, here, with us?" nodding towards the backman.

"Well, he is and he isn't," said Sugar Bill gruffly. He's in for a share of the swag, but he aint for doin' any work for it."

"Yes, I am," answered the indignant Barney; "but, as I told you, it's my first experience at this sort o' thing, and I advised you to put me at something that didn't take too much nerve. I'm a little shaky, I'll admit."

"Bah!" said Sugar Bill contemptuously. "All we ax of you is to have your team as near the house as you can, so we can slip in and be off when the job's done."

"Not too near," suggested the prudent Barney. "Say around the corner of the next street."

"Aye, to be sure," said "Sugar" with a sarcastic bow. "You'd better anchor your team up at Harlem, perhaps. Or you might hire a parlor at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and lie abed there whilst we come in an' get on our knees an' give you your share o' the swag. What kind of flats do you take us for, anyway?"

"Well, I only said what I thought," replied Barney with an injured air.

"Well, do what thinkin's needed," answered Bill.

The entrance of a fourth party put an end to this conversation. It was a man of medium size, about thirty years of age, and with rather a handsome face had it not been for the marks of dissipation and vice which had branded him in a manner unmistakable. He was attired in a suit of coarse material, cut in a manner meant to be fashionable, and his general bearing was one of easy indifference, with a strong touch of braggadocio.

"Here's Dick at last!" exclaimed Captain Black, and the newcomer was soon seated at the table with a tumbler of hot rum before him.

"Well, boys," said Dick, when he had critically approved of this warming compound by swallowing two-thirds of it at a draught, "everything seems all right, and if nothing happens we'll do the job to-morrow night. You're sure you know where he keeps the stuff?" he inquried of Black.

That worthy nodded.

"Yesterday, when he was giving me some points about a little job that he wanted done on his own account—Barney knows what I mean ——"

Barney nodded and winked knowingly.

"Well, while he was telling me this I had my eyes all over his rooms. He hasn't any idea that I'm on this lay, so he wasn't particular about what I saw. Well, he's got the finest lot of diamonds I ever looked at in a little bureau that stands in an alcove just off his bedroom. Some of 'em as big as your thumb-nail, and perfect sparklers. He keeps his money there too, but he's too shrewd to have much of that lying around without drawing interest."

"Well," said Dick, "I'll tell you what my plan is. You know the house best, of course, and you shall tell me if it can be improved on. Barney must run his team as near to the house as he can without attracting attention. Sugar Bill will stay outside on the sidewalk and watch. You, Black, must go up with me—we can burst the basement door with a jimmy without being heard, when a car is going by; and when we get to his door—that's the tickish part of the business—we must turn the key with nippers or wire. You're sure there's no inside bolt?"

"Certain," rejoined Black; "I noticed that particularly."

"Well, when we get into the room you have your knife out, and stand by his bed to frighten him if he wakes up, and I'll go through the bureau."

This proposition did not seem to meet with overwhelming approval, to judge by the dead silence which followed.

"What a lot of old soreheads you all are!" cried Dick with an oath. "If I only had Jack Briggs down from Auburn, I'd take *him* for the job and give you all the shake. Well, what is it you want?"

"Why, you see," rejoined Captain Black with much suavity, "I suppose the boys think pretty much as I do in this matter. We're all perfectly willing to trust you, of course; but it would be so easy for two or three of those big diamonds to slip into your pockets unawares, and not get counted in the sharing-up, you know. It would be much better if two of us could work the bureau, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," replied Dick sullenly. "But have it your own way—only I'm dead certain you'll be sorry for it."

The Captain's plan was, however, voted by the others to be the best of the two, and agreed upon accordingly. Then the quartet, after many minute directions as to the place of meeting on the following night, parted, Barney driving "down-town" in search of a "load"—Sugar Bill retiring to rest in the front bedroom of the "Farmers' Home," while Dick and Captain Black sought to kill time and obtain an honest dollar in the fascinations of a neighboring "faro bank," from which they did not emerge until early dawn, Dick flushed with triumph and many potations, being richer by fifty dollars than when he had entered; while the Captain mourned the untimely departure of his last dollar, which in a moment of weakness he had intrusted to the tender mercies of the fair but fickle "Queen."

CHAPTER V.

MARK SEEKS A NEW BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mark Hatfield sat at breakfast on the morning following his adventure, engaged in reading the latest political news to his father, a distingue-looking old gentleman, with snow-white hair, which set off to great advantage his kind blue eyes and ruddy cheeks. Mark was an only child, his mother an invalid who seldom left her room. Her exact disease it would be difficult to state, as her symptoms fluctuated with amazing rapidity. There had not been people wanting who were ready to affirm that there was nothing in particular the matter with Mrs. Hatfield except a kind of hypochondria which might be shaken off, but these were undoubtedly envious souls, who had pet diseases of their own. At all events, she kept her room with great pertinacity, and had her medical attendant visit her every day, who regularly prescribed for her, and declined to commit himself as to her case with anyone. She loved Mark fondly—of that there could be no doubt; but neither he nor anyone else was permitted to enter her chamber without first being announced by her maid, and then the visit must be of the shortest duration, as a continued conversation, or the presence of anyone for an extended period, was sure to bring on a nervous attack of the most agitating kind. So Mark's time at home was mostly spent with his father, with whom he was "en rapport" in nearly all matters.

"Mother doesn't seem so well this morning," said Mark, when the news had been read and commented on.

The old gentleman stirred his cup of Mocha thoughtfully and coughed.

"No, no; I suppose not," he said a little impatiently. "You were out late last night, Mark?"

"I went to the theatre," replied Mark; "and —and—met some friends afterwards."

"Ah, well, I dare say you are right," said Mr. Hatfield half-sadly. "Your home isn't so very attractive, after all."

"You are mistaken, father," answered Mark eagerly. "My home is very dear to me indeed. You know how much I enjoy your society—and mother's also, when she will allow me to."

"Which is seldom enough," answered his father. "Well, let us change the subject. Was the play last night entertaining?"

Mark colored in spite of himself. It was the first secret he had ever had from his father, and he felt like telling the whole story of his adventure and his love; but caution and a strong fear of ridicule prevented the avowal. "Old heads and young hearts" do not always coincide in regard to love affairs.

"It was a spectacular production, father, and very gorgeous indeed."

"Well, Mark," replied Mr. Hatfield, finishing his coffee and rising from the table, "enjoy yourself all that you can in a moderate way. I trust to your good sense and good principles to abstain from any excesses."

"You may do so safely, father," answered Mark cheerfully. "I shall do nothing to sully my manhood or your name. Good-bye until to-night."

A neat coupe driven by a servant in plain livery stood before the door, and Mr. Hatfield, entering it, was driven to Wall street, where he still did a little brokerage business, more to pass away his time than for any thought of profit.

Mark sat alone in the handsome breakfast-parlor in deep meditation. His eyes wandered thoughtfully about the elegant apartment, but I doubt if he saw many of the articles of luxury and comfort that were so liberally displayed. The table glittered with a rich assortment of cut-glass and silver, surrounding an epergne of marvelous workmanship containing a tempting assortment of fruit and flowers. French-plate mirrors reflected back the floor of polished walnut on which stood so many marvels of modern furniture, and from the wall hung superb landscapes and a fruit-piece, a genuine Titian. Everything spoke of comfort and repose, but Mark could find neither, as he stared in a vague kind of way at the staid serving-man who was outside removing the breakfast-dishes. When he had gone, Mark started to his feet and paced the floor impatiently.

"If I did the sensible thing," he said, as he strode back and forth, "I should forget all about her. I have seen hundreds of pretty faces. Why should this one affect me so greatly? Society would say that she was far beneath me—and society would be right—from its own peculiar point of view! Yet she is as well bred, as sensible, and I'll stake my life as modest and virtuous as any of the highly-connected women whom I have met in the past. Had she been otherwise, she would hardly have dismissed me so positively last night. Objects to gentlemen society, too! Well, poor girl, one can hardly blame her. Her experience of the sex is not a very pleasant one." He leaned against the window-frame and gazed idly out into the street. "After all, she seemed deeply affected by last night's affair. I am just conceited enough to believe that she would be glad to see me again. What is it that Tennyson says?—'The many fail, the one succeeds.' How do I know but that I may be 'the one?' Number eighteen Jackson square isn't a private house. They take boarders there, and, I dare say, are glad to get 'em! What's to prevent my calling there in regard to a room? I'll do it."

As my readers may have already perceived, this young man was a creature of impulse. He had donned his light overcoat, seized his hat, and was in the street before the staid servant had reached the hall-door, whither he had shuffled with some dim idea of aiding "young Mr. Mark" in adjusting his wardrobe. That gentleman set out at a brisk pace, and a smart walk of twenty minutes brought him to his destination. He ascended the steps, gave a vigorous pull at the bell, and waited. This is growing monotonous. He again repeated the operation upon the bell-handle, and with a similar result. Could it be possible that no one had yet arisen? It was eleven o'clock! As he was debating this point within himself the door suddenly opened, and a little man with a smooth-shaved, rubicund face and an asthmatic manner of breathing, came out, and was about to close the aperture of entrance when Mark interposed.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but can you direct me to the lady or gentleman of the house? I have been pulling the bell for the past five minutes."

The little man's eyes twinkled good-humoredly. He seemed to think this an excellent joke.

"No use doing that!" he exclaimed. "The bell's like a certain member of the family—it won't work. Ha! ha! excuse me, sir; you asked for the lady of the house. If you'll go into the parlor, that first door to the right, she'll be with you in no time, I'll be bound. Good-morning, sir," and the little man, with a bow, trotted down the steps and was soon out of sight.

Mark, entering the room indicated, was sensible of two things immediately—one was an all-pervading odor of stew, which seemed to permeate the parlor and halls, and the other was a woman's voice, giving vent to tones of expostulation and anger, which proceeded from the adjoining room, separated from the parlor by folding-doors.

"You good-for-nothing, shiftless, lazy hound, aint you up yet?"

"Go away, can't you?" replied a gruff voice, sounding as though it came through bed-clothes. "You'll never let a chap sleep!"

"Sleep!" repeated the shrill voice in a still higher key. "As if you ever do anything *but* sleep—except eat!"

"Well, who runs this house, anyway?" queried the advocate of Morpheus, who evidently preferred to argue rather than rise.

"When there's any money to be taken, or any good-looking boarders to talk to, or any style to be put on, why, you do," was the angry answer; "but when the men come for the gas-bill or the rent, or any of the boarders are to be dunned for their money, or any mean, low work is to be done, why, *I* do, and well you know it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jonathan Peasely."

Mark thought it high time to cough violently, but he seemed to be unheard.

"I'm ashamed of *you*," rejoined the irate Mr. Peasely, "making such a racket at this hour of the morning!"

"This hour of the morning!" was the indignant reply of his (much) better-half. "Do you know that it's after eleven o'clock, and there's you're breakfast on the table downstairs, and the girl waiting to lay the cloth for lunch?"

"Let her lay it," was the cool reply. "I'll have my breakfast in bed."

"That you shan't, I vow. You good-for-nothing ——"

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE WENT WEST

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

For the information of our Eastern friends I have jotted down some of the incidents and impressions of overland travel, as met with in the progress of Tony Pastor's Troupe Westward.

Our start was made on Monday, June 24, from the depot of the Northwestern Railroad, Chicago, on board a special Pullman car; and amid the hearty good-wishes of our assembled friends we rolled out of the depot, a merry, happy party of twenty-nine persons. As everyone had, more or some special preparations for the long journey, our first care was to stow away in safe places the solids and liquids with which we intended regaling ourselves on the way. All being comfortably settled, each one began to enjoy himself as taste inclined—chess, dominoes, draughts and cards for the gentlemen, needle-work, crochet, or the omnipresent novel for the ladies; and so rolling along over the beautiful prairie, enjoying the balmy Summer-breeze, we were not long in getting up an appetite for dinner. The dinner-station reached and ample justice done the viands, we are again on our way. The necessity for renewing the water supply gave us an opportunity of leaving the cars for a few minutes at Sterling. Here an amusing event occurred. In order to "guy" the rustics, Harry Kernell gave Billy Daly the slap; Daly, pretending to be hit, fell to the ground; whereupon a muscular rustic stepped forward to champion Daly, declaring it an outrage. The boys, laughing, gave the sell away, whereat our country friend started in to chastise both the practical jokers; but the starting of the train released Kernell and Daly from this disagreeable predicament, and the last seen of our country friend he was wildly gesticulating and vowing to teach them a lesson at some future time.

Started again, we were treated to a specimen of fast railroad travel by the accommodating conductor, and were soon flying along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. A very few miles of this gait sufficed, however, and we were not sorry to feel the speed abate. Supper over, we began to prepare for bed; but before retiring were regaled by some pleasant music upon the organ by Miss Flora Irwin, and later on other musical instruments were brought out. Songs and stories followed, and midnight was upon us before we realized the flight of time. Everybody to bed now except Billy Barry, who in vain sought someone to play "just once around the crib-board" for a dollar.

Morning came, and with it Council Bluffs. Crossing the magnificent iron bridge over the Missouri River, we arrived at Omaha. There a halt was made for one day. In the afternoon all hands attended W. W. Cole's Circus, and were received with great kindness and attention by the proprietor and his company. Notwithstanding the strong opposition of the circus, the Opera-house was inadequate to hold the crowds who in vain attempted to get in to see our show. Our next stop was made at Fremont, where we met the Denman Thompson Troupe on their way back to the East, after a very successful tour of the Pacific Slope. All honor to glorious Uncle Joshua!—may his fame never grow less. As we were now fairly on the road for a four days' ride, our party began to dispose of their white shirts and elaborate appointments, and quite a number of blue-flannel shirts became visible; but for a day only, as the chafing of rough flannel and coal-cinders proved too much for the delicate necks of Barry, Kennedy and Willy Daly, and the blue shirts disappeared, to be seen no more.

The slow and even rate of speed, the straight and level track, added to the luxurious springs of the Pullman car, produce a peculiarly gentle motion, most soothing and agreeable, and we found ample leisure and inclination to note the beautiful country we were passing through. We witnessed a most remarkable sunset—so beautiful that, were the vivid colors transferred to a canvas with one hundredth part of their real brilliancy and grandeur, the artist would be accused of gross exaggeration, and of straining after outrageous effects.

Our second day out was enlivened by a masquerade by Harry Kernell. Improvising an Indian dress by wrapping himself in a bright-colored shawl, and placing the feather duster over his head, he bounded into the car with a terrific whoop. Emmerson cried "Injuns!" and immediately disappeared from view under a seat. Clark gave his great fall, and was found an hour afterwards crouched under the stove; Jackey (John Kernell) made frantic attempts to jump out of the window; the ladies screamed in chorus, and some of the more excitable gentlemen drew their revolvers. In a moment Harry was recognized, and all hands set earnestly to work to convince one another that they knew him all the time. It is almost needless to add that this was the only warlike Indian we met, though there were very many of the peaceable kind; and lazy, good-for-nothing dogs they are.

We were now fast approaching the high plains of the Rocky Mountains, and the long, level prairies gave place to the more picturesque hills and mountains, and the vast plains—wide-extended, uninhabited, lifeless solitudes. No living thing in sight save those curious little prairie-dogs, which seem like marionettes, so strangely they pop in and out of their holes. At this point we experienced the first delightful sensations produced by the keen, invigorating mountain-air.

The afternoon of the second day we reached Sherman, 8,242 feet above tide-water, at one time the highest elevation reached by any railroad in the world. It was here our friend and companion Mr. Edward Power (who is traveling with us in hope of regaining his health) suffered greatly from the extreme rarification of the atmosphere. As we descended rapidly, however (2,200 feet in 33 miles), he soon recovered. Descending the mountain, we reached Cheyenne, where we were met by the members of McDaniel's Theatre Company, and a pleasant reunion for a few minutes was afforded us. Here we took dinner, and started westward again, chased by a terrific storm—most vivid lightning and pouring rain, but not one note of thunder—a peculiarity of this section, I am informed. We soon outran the storm, and, turning a curve on the mountain-top, beheld a bright, beautiful rainbow, or, as it seemed, a succession of rainbows, as three distinct arches were visible. At Wyoming depot Billy Hoey regaled a party of Indians with some choice music on the Japanese fiddle, and Tommy Daly, adopting the dime-novel style of conversation, asked a big brave:

"How chief like medicine-man music? Does the warrior feel his savage breast soothed?"

"Oh, go to thunder!" was the reply in excellent English. "Minstrel man's a fraud."

About this time we saw great numbers of antelope running over the plains, and Frank Girard and Henry T. Dyring, being prepared with improved breech-loading rifles, made many attempts to shoot them. The motion of the cars, however, and the long range at which they shot prevented any perceptible results, though later Frank succeeded in killing an eagle (or a badger), and Dyring winged one. The best shot was by Tom Baugh, who with an ordinary revolver knocked over a prairie-dog. Miss May Irwin also displayed some skill in shooting with a revolver. I believe she hit the side of a barn at ten paces.

Passing through many snow-sheds, we arrived at seven o'clock at the supper station, Rock Creek. Here are many rare and beautiful specimens of fossils and petrifactions; but, as we stopped but twenty-five minutes, we had no leisure to examine them. Our second night was a repetition of the first—music, songs and stories, a bit of ventriloquism from Kennedy, some very interesting reminiscences from Mr. Pastor, and then to bed.

The regulation of the railroad company prohibiting fire-arms on the train was the cause of an amusing joke on Harry Dyring, our leader, who, passing through the train with a handsome rifle, met the baggage-master, who, evincing a presumably deep interest in the gun, requested permission to examine it. Dyring, unsuspicious, complied, and the beggage-master, placing a check on the rifle, coolly requested two dollars for extra baggage-tax. Dyring's chagrin can be imagined. The check of his rifle was redeemed no more. Saturday morning, after a hearty breakfast at Green River, we entered the valley of the Black Fork. Most remarkable scenery was here encountered—the Unitah Mountains, covered with perpetual snow glistening in the morning sun, and assuming shapes the most fantastic. We now began to see Chinamen, and in every little settlement can be discerned their peculiar signs—"Hop Sing," "Sam Li," "Fong Chow," etc., all laundrymen. But, from the entire absence of "b'iled shirts" among the natives, I am at loss to know where John finds his custom. On the afternoon of Saturday we entered Weber Canon. Never can I forget the sights of this day. In the overwhelming majesty of that wonderful ride. Rocks that beside which all former ones were as pigmies rose up in astounding abruptness and grandeur; shapes the most peculiar and fantastic; a constant succession of curious natural objects—castles, churches, forts, animals—appear to be there formed in solid rock, yet seeming so life-like that one is tempted to believe he has entered some new world, where all is on an enlarged scale. Needle Rocks, standing solitary and alone; Hanging Rocks, that seem to need but a slight push to send them tumbling and tossing into the canon below; in one place they are so hungly a steamship, in another a pulpit; and so we go, in descending the canon, until the valley is reached, and with it Echo, a Mormon settlement. A few miles more, and the One-thousand-mile Tree is passed, and we are nearing Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. Our arrival at Ogden was the signal for a rush to the barber-shop, for all our party (except possibly the ladies) were sadly in need of a clean shave—they got it in their pockets. Two bits (twenty-five cents) for a shave, one towel for seven men, and the razor—well, after it had done duty as a wood-saw it must have been used as a screw-driver. One slash to the cheek, another down, a rough wipe with the dirty towel, and the thing was done. So was the victim. For a really exhilarating shave, try Ogden.

Changing to the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad, we started for Reno, where we arrived at midnight of Sunday, passing Salt Lake in the sunset—a glorious and beautiful sight. Again changing cars at Reno, we started on our way to Virginia City, and after a short climb up the mountains we again descended, and, stopping at Carson City, there left Mr. Power, who had come thus far with us in search of a climate suited to his weakened constitution. Leaving Carson, the train ascended the mountains again, toiling up grades sometimes over one hundred and fifty feet to the mile, following all the turns and bends of the river, going around curves so short that at times the engine was at right angles with the rear of the train, and clinging, as it were, to the mountain sides; on the left below us hundreds of feet might be seen steep and frightful precipices. Two hours of this work and we had accomplished twenty miles, and were at Virginia City—the Bonanza town. Here was a sight new to us all—a bright, bustling, busy town thousands of feet above the sea, with all the comforts and luxuries of the greater cities, its streets filled with people of all nations and climes; while beneath us another city, thousands of feet below the surface, is alive with busy workers searching for the treasures embowered in the earth. We remained at Virginia City one week, and received very liberal patronage. Here we witnessed a novel Fourth-of-July parade, and a very creditable one also. Among the features were a number of '49-ers, with mule and pack-saddle, shovel, pick, pan and cradle, as in the old mining days; also a large band of Indians, naked to the waist and covered with war-paint.

By courtesy of Mr. Patton of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, myself and a number of the company, accompanied by Mr. A. H. Rickets, editor of *The Daily Stage* (Virginia's theatrical paper), descended at midnight to the lower level of the mine—1,750 feet below the surface—a novel sensation, truly. Fancy being lowered in an open cage at a speed of nearly a mile in two minutes, shut in utter darkness, and held firmly in the arms of a stalwart miner—a precaution rendered necessary, as many persons faint from the overheated air. Arriving at the bottom, we were conducted through the mine and experienced an impromptu Turkish bath, for the heat in those regions can be likened to nothing else.

Resuming our journey on Sunday evening, we saw nothing of interest until Dutch Flat was reached. Here could be observed the hydraulic mining grounds, where acres upon acres of land are literally washed away by water-power in order to extract the gold from the earth. But on this morning was reserved for us the magnificent view of Cape Horn. It is at this point the railroad climbs, or rather clings to, the mountain-side, 2,000 feet above the canon—running upon a mere ledge of rock, so far above the valley that the farm-houses below seem smaller than a man's hand, while the beautiful American River looks like a silver thread as it winds through the majestic canon. He who misses this grand sight will die the poorer and worse for the loss. Here Miss Mattie Vickers and Charles Rogers got off the train, and, failing to hear the conductor's warning, had a lively race to catch us. We were now fairly in California, and the rest of our ride was among elegant ranches and prosperous villages. At 8.45 P. M., having crossed the ferry from Oakland, we landed in San Francisco, welcomed by the familiar strains of "Auld Lang Syne" from a band provided for the occasion by the members of the California Lodge of Elks. After a glorious ride over a glorious continent—one which no true American should fail to take—our opening in San Francisco was the largest ever known in the Bush-street Theatre, and indications of a highly successful season are plentiful.

H. E. SAMMONDS.

San Francisco, Cal., July 30.

EDWIN F. THORNE. FRANK B. ADAMS.

EDWIN F. THORNE.

The subject of our sketch, who had been named after our most celebrated tragedian, is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thorne Sr., and was born at the corner of Bayard and Elizabeth streets, this city, in 1846, as he informs us. When a child he was taken by his parents to San Francisco, Cal., and while there he made his first appearance on any stage, playing Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the American Theatre, then under his father's management. A few years subsequently he returned to this city with his parents. Having decided to enter the dramatic profession, he made what may properly be called his debut (since it was the act of his own volition) on the stage of the Winter Garden, in this city, Nov. 29, 1860, playing Hamet in "The Apostate," Ecelin Booth being the Pescara and J. B. Studley the Hemeya. He continued to play small business for some time in this theatre under the name of Mr. Edwin. In 1863 the subject of our sketch again returned to San Francisco, Cal., where he played one season in the Metropolitan Theatre. He then went as a member of his father's company upon a tour of China, Japan and India, performing in the principal cities in those countries, where there were colonies of English and American settlers. Returning to the United States, he played juvenile business in Quincy, Ill., during the season of 1869. The following year he was engaged at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., and during the time he has been the leading man at the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house, under the management of William Henderson, and has fulfilled engagements in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C.; at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., under the management of John E. Owens; at the Arch-street Theatre

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

MUGGINS, North Attleboro.—It is a waste of time and space to discuss theoretical cases. You may well say that this case has not occurred. It never will occur. Except by the remissness of his opponents, a player cannot, by a revoke at whist, gain any permanent advantage that would not also have been his without the revoke. The abstract right to revoke is unquestionable, however. It is implied in the penalties against it. There is a law against stealing, and therefore it is optional with a man to either remain honest or go to jail as a sneak-thief. Upon the plea of an oversight, a man can gracefully revoke at whist by simply standing the penalty. Where there is no oversight, and he has been warned that it is known that he holds the last trump, then due to a card led, his withholding it would stamp him as a trickster. Few players would care to incur that reproach under any circumstances. No one but a fool would incur it when there was nothing to gain by it. There is no pith in this case, and your fears as to the stability of whist as a game are really groundless.

W. C.—The best unquestioned record of Harua is 2:13¾. He has gone in 2:13¾, but more can be said against that being regarded as a record than in favor of it. When was one process by which the judges, with the co-operation of the representative of Harua, could make that 2:13¾ a record until, upon appeal, it might be set aside by the National Trotting Association, we believe that that process has been resorted to; but we do not know that it has. If it has, the 2:13¾ is a record until the National Association annuls it. The case may never be brought before the association. Personally, we wish to see it become a record. It will save us much labor and no end of space.

F. D., Longuell.—The distance should not have been changed without the sanction of both crews, and if, as you state, none of the members of one of the fours was aware that it had been, it was wrong to have awarded the race to Saint Marie over that on which the others had complied with all the conditions, as they understood them, and completed the original course first. Under these circumstances, if either crew had any claim for a decision in their favor, it was the Bleak House four; but, in view of the misunderstanding existing, the crews should have either rowed again, over a distance mutually agreeable, or the match been declared off.

R. HAWKINSON, Manlius.—"In the 4th inning a player overran first base and continued to run, reaching home-base without retouching first base. Judgment was asked by the captain of Marie crew when

ATHLETIC.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Ross vs. McKinnon.

One good effect the recent meeting between Duncan C. Ross and Thomas Lynch has had has been to stir up other well-known members of the heavy-weight division of Caledonian athletes, with the prospect of a genuine and highly interesting match, which will in reality be for the championship, resulting from negotiations now pending. On Friday, Aug. 23, we were waited upon by Ross, who deposited one hundred dollars to back up the appended challenge to Hugh McKinnon, who left the athletic arena, at least temporarily, in order to accept a position for which he was well fitted—Chief of police of Belleville, Ont. The Young Scotchman feels keenly the adverse criticisms passed upon his late display with the New Yorker, which, rendered more aggravating by the attempts of former associates and others to belittle his abilities as an athlete of the first class, have impelled him to indite this challenge, in issuing which he is plainly in dead earnest.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In order not to disappoint Mr. Hugh McKinnon, chief of the Belleville, Ont., police-force (for whom, under the guise of an "unknown," A. C. Reid put up $20 in your hands as forfeit for a match, while F. W. Johnson has staked $50 that I dare not make a match with him, at the same competitions that formed the "Ross-Lynch hippodrome," the rules of the N. A. U. C. A. to govern), I herewith place one hundred dollars in your hands and challenge said Hugh McKinnon to make a similar match with me, to be governed by the rules named. I understand that for some weeks past McKinnon has been blowing like a high-pressure engine, and crediting my reputation as an athlete, and has arrived at the conclusion that I am a "duffer." I may state, however, that I don't lay claim to titles that I never won, such as appeared recently in print about the "great international heavy-weight champion," McKinnon, in connection with his exhibition performances at Belleville on Dominion Day; and it will probably be pleasant for him, after his season's preparations, to know that the "big, podrome duffer" is ready to meet the unrivaled "champion" at his favorite exercises. I desire that the match shall be decided not later than Oct. 1, the winner of five out of the nine competitions to take the stakes, which are to be such amount above $250 a side as may suit the acceptor. I will give or take expenses to have the match take place at New York or Belleville; and as the rules of the N. A. U. C. A. are not definite upon the point, I desire to have inserted in the agreement that, in hammer-throwing, crossing the mark before the missile alights shall be considered foul. Now, if McKinnon is the man he professes to be, and has many Scotch friends claim that he is, he will lose no time in answering this and putting up some money. Yours respectfully, DUNCAN C. ROSS.

P. S.—If the challenge and comments thereon which appeared in a daily paper last week, were authorized by Thos. Lynch, I would say that I shall be pleased to arrange a match with him as above (N. A. U. C. A. rules to govern, instead of no rules), at any time and for such amount as he prefers. D. C. R.

At the time the above sarcastically-worded document was placed in our hands we were under the impression that a similar epistle from the Canadian at whom Ross's shafts were directed, embodying a challenge to the latter and Lynch, McKinnon, who sees Ross' hundred dollars and goes a hundred better, in order to make matters more binding, thus unburdens himself:

BELLEVILLE, ONT., Aug. 22, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* As I see that the athletic championship of the British Provinces was not in the care and keeping of Mr. D. C. Ross, and consequently he was not in a position to make either a gift or a public presentation of said championship belt to Thomas Lynch, or any other person, I now challenge Thomas Lynch, or Duncan C. Ross, to compete with me in putting the heavy stone (21lb), putting the light stone (14lb), throwing the 56lb weight, throwing the heavy hammer (16lb), throwing the light hammer (12lb), tossing the caber, standing jump, running high leap, and running 100yd. race, for any sum from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, gold, a side; the winner of five competitions or games to be the winner of the match and money. The rules of the North American United Caledonian Association to govern the competition. Challenge to be accepted within sixteen days; match to take place four weeks from signing articles of agreement. Accompanying this challenge you will find two hundred dollars, gold, which I hand you as a deposit, the acceptor of this challenge to put up a like forfeit deposit in your hands. Now, gentlemen, let me hear from you in a practical way.

HUGH MCKINNON.

The only point of difference in the propositions made will be found in the substitution by McKinnon of tossing the caber for putting the 56lb weight from the shoulder; but as the former is a competitive feat with which Ross is, we believe, more familiar than with that cut out, it is not probable that he will object to the change.

GOULDING vs. BADGER.

The proposed match between the rival trainers Jack Goulding and Alf. Badger hangsfire. The former was at THE CLIPPER office at 10 A. M. Aug. 26, and stated that some of Badger's friends promised to meet him there and make a match; but no one came, and after waiting some time Jack took his departure, first leaving the subjoined challenge and $25 to make it solid:

NEW YORK, Aug. 26, 1878.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I do not consider that a 400-yard hurdle race would prove a fair test of the relative abilities as athletes of Mr. Badger and myself. Therefore I decline to make a match for such a performance alone, but, in reply to Mr. Badger, will say that I am ready to make a match with him, for $100 a side, the man who performs the greater number of athletic feats, such as trainers are called on to give instruction in, inside of two hours, to take the money. If this suits, by covering the inclosed $25 and sending articles to me, care of H. Cogan, 949 Eighth avenue, Mr. Badger can get a match at once. If he will not do this, a novice who never ran for a dollar will run him 440 yards over twenty-five hurdles.

Respectfully, JACK GOULDING.

LACROSSE.—A lacrosse tournament took place at Newport, R. I., Aug. 23. Three clubs were represented by the following players: Ravenswood of Ravenswood, L. I.—Edward Cluff, G. W. Wilson, W. F. Ritchie, A. D. Ritchie, H. L. Smith, C. H. Thompson, Robert Graham, A. G. Gilbert-smith, A. Atwood, R. J. Slater and J. A. Nichols. Union of Boston—S. Macdonald, E. Morris, J. Marquand, J. A. Majee, F. Campbell, J. G. Lathrop, F. A. Peabody, F. F. Woods, J. F. F. Williams, H. H. Howard, H. P. Hook and P. F. Ferris. New York—E. C. La Montagne, G. M. Hammond, Joseph Lafon, Thos. Miner, J. M. Mitchell, M. T. Pyne, W. C. Hall, W. C. Wetmore, Francis, R. L. La Montagne, H. Inman, A. P. Montant, Wm. Shaw. The Ravenswood and Boston Clubs played the finest three games, each of which was won by the Long Islanders in 1lm., 12min., and 15min. respectively. The victors and the New York team then tried conclusions, when the Ravenswood players again won three games in succession, the first being most stubbornly contested and occupying 51min., the second 11min. 36sec., and the third 11min. The winners received a handsome cup. Referee, J. G. Bennett.

LACROSSE.—The Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, Montreal, Can., opened to the public for the first time on Thursday, Aug. 22. The grounds are considered the finest in the country, being level throughout, not too hard for the runners, and giving at the same time a sprinting foundation. The grand-stand seats run along the entire length of the grounds from east to west, in the centre of which is the grand-stand proper, with excellent accommodations for the press. The opening game was between the Montreal and Shamrock Clubs, both of that city, composed of the following teams: *Montreal*—Messrs. Kay, S. W. L. Maltby, George Hibbert, Sam Messey, Robert Summerhayes, J. W. Hubbell, William Griffin, T. E. Hodgson, W. Cairns, Sam. Struthurs, W. Aird and Thos. Paton. Captain, Paton. *Shamrock*—Murphy, Brennan, Morton, McGuire, McKeown, Hyland, Geroux, Payette, Keogh, Farmer, Lynch and Butler. The Montreals won the first two games, thus gaining the maiden victory on their grounds. In the evening the opening was celebrated by a grand banquet at St. Lawrence Hall.

TOURNAMENT AT THE RAVENSWOOD GROUNDS.—An amateur tournament will take place at the above grounds Sept. 8, when the following games will be contested at 3 P. M.: 75-yard run, handicap; silver cup to first, silver medal to second; one-mile walk, handicap, for all who never beat 8m., two silver medals; three-mile walk, amateurs, championship of Long Island and gold medal. Entrance fee for the latter race to be made to Chas. Wirnell, at the grounds. Entries for the other races to be made with Jack Goulding, 949 Eighth avenue, this city. Entrance to the 75-yard run, 50c.; all others, $1 each. Entrance to the 75-yard and one-mile walk free. Other sports will also take place.

POLO was played by members of the Westchester Club at the Newport, R. I., grounds Aug. 24. The sides were: Blues—J. G. Bennett (captain), L. S. Bryce, F. G. Griswold, Hermann Oelrichs. Reds—Fairman Rogers (captain), Carroll Bryce, Reginald Hamburg, H. S. Robbins, Pierre Lorillard Jr. The Blues won five games out of the six played, the elapsed time being respectively 31m. 30s., 9m., 1m. 30s., 14m. 30s., and 17m. The Reds won the first in 5m.

JOHN HUGHES, alias "Greenhorn," whose formal challenge to O'Leary to walk for the championship belt has not yet been accepted, was given a 500-mile trial by his backer, Mr. Murray, at Machinery Hall, Newark, N. J., commencing on Sunday night, Aug. 18. He finished at 10h. 20m. P. M. Aug. 24, up to which time he had, it was asserted by the track-keepers, accomplished 500 miles in six days, less 35 minutes.

J. C. MOORE is to commence at 8 o'clock P. M. Aug. 29 at Lyceum Hall, Bridgeport, Mass., an attempt to walk 100 miles in 23h., for a wager of $100 a side, as we are informed by Moore. A purse of $20 will be given to Samuel Merritt if he walks 80 miles while Moore walks the 100, and $10 to John Carter if he walks 60 to Moore's 100—a rather small reward, we should say.

GEORGE GUYON was thrown from a truck in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 17, and for twenty minutes was lost to consciousness. He was pretty badly cut and bruised, but at last advices was getting along all right. Schmeil does not appear to care to walk him for 75 hours.

THE TROY, N. Y., ATHLETIC CLUB has a tournament 27, the proceeds to be devoted to establishing a gymnasium. The Jackson Brothers of Brooklyn, Greco-Roman wrestlers, are all the talent from out of town booked to appear.

A LACROSSE EXHIBITION was given at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 24, two sides composed of members of the P. P. L. C. contending, and Chandler Logan's team defeating Capt. Armstrong's by a score of 5 goals to 4.

THE BRIGHTON POLO CLUB engaged in a series of games at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 24. H. J. Herbert and George Elder winning the first, second and fifth games, and H. Sloane, A. Ladenburg and M. Renaud the other two.

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) CALEDONIAN GAMES will be held Aug. 28, and the Boston games 29. The Old Guard, Seventy-ninth Highlanders, of this city, will attend both by invitation.

A LACROSSE ASSOCIATION has been organized at Sacramento, Cal., with the following officers: J. H. Sharpe, president; W. E. Chelsey, secretary; G. M. Mott, treasurer.

THE AMERICAN A. C. hold a meeting at their grounds, in Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 31. Fifteen events constitute the programme, some handicaps and others level.

WE have a letter for John Hughes.

THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS vs. CARVER.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus, champion wingshot, arrived from England on board the steamer Bothnia Aug. 20. He looks, if anything, more rugged and tough than when he sailed for the land in which he was so eminently successful, and where, according to his own statement, he met with the fairest of fair play, courteous treatment at all times, and generally himself greatly; consequently he looks back to the trip with pleasure, and won't be loth to undertake the journey again, should the opportunity to "make it an object" present itself at some future period. He was welcomed to the city by a number of personal friends, and during the few days of his sojourn in Gotham the time passed pleasantly in their companionship. Soon after his arrival he was shown a communication from Dr. Carver, published in THE CLIPPER of last week, being a reply to a challenge sent from England by Bogardus shortly before his departure. Bogardus lost no time in calling at this office, where he, on Aug. 21, deposited $500 as an earnest of his good faith in accepting the propositions made by Carver in said communication, and of his desire to shoot the Doctor or any other man for a match of 100 pigeons, for from $2,500 to $5,000 a side, under any rules. He also stated that he would give Carver $50 if he would cover the amount and make a match on or before Aug. 24, which was ample time for the latter to have given proof that he meant shooting against the Captain in an up-and-up match; but, although the matter was promptly brought to Carver's attention, he did not cover Bogardus' money, although publishing a number of letters. Capt. Bogardus' course has been straightforward and sportsmanlike throughout. He has engagements in Ohio and Minnesota during this and next week, and previous to leaving the city reluctantly took down his deposit, but will promptly stake whenever Carver or anyone else shows that he wants a match. Bogardus offers to shoot against any four men in England, 100 single birds each, for £500 a side each match, and if he can arrange such matches will recross the ocean next Spring.

A PIGEON MATCH between William Dooley, present champion of the Indianapolis Hunting and Fishing Association, and Mr. Beck, took place Aug. 23 at the Union Stockyards, Indianapolis, Ind., for $200 a side. Great interest was centred in the match, which was closely contested. The contestants first shot at 20 single birds, 21 yards rise, Beck killing 43 and Dooley 41; then 25 double birds, at 21 yards rise, Dooley getting 42 to Beck's 40. Then was shot at 5 single and 3 double birds, each killing 10. Finally, one single and one pair of birds were shot, at 26 yards rise, Dooley killing 3 to Beck's 2.

IN THE SEVENTH COMPETITION in the "long-range match" at Walnut-hill Ranch, near Boston, Mass., last week, 800, 900, 1,000 yards, fifteen rounds at each, Wm. Gerrish made the great score of 218; W. H. Jackson, 214; J. S. Sumner, 212; J. C. Brown, 211; G. W. Davison, 206; H. Tyler, 206; J. J. Lowell, 204; A. Wilder, 203; A. Hebbard, 201; J. C. Chadwell, 198. The scores of Messrs. Gerrish, Jackson, Sumner, Brown, and Tyler will be counted in their competition for places on the American team of 1878.

THE BENNETT CUP was contended for by twenty-six wing shots at Newport, R. I., Aug. 26; distance, 25 yards, ten birds each. C. DuBois Wagstaff won, killing 9, Thornhill and Earl grassing eight, and the former winning in the shoot-off.

DR. CARVER gave an exhibition of his skill in shooting at Sanger Park, Philadelphia, on Aug. 23, in the presence of about 300 spectators.

AT CREEDMOOR, L. I., Aug. 24, the competition for the Sharp's prize, 800, 900, 1,000 yds., fifteen shots at each, had fourteen entries, W. H. Jackson scoring 209, S. T. G. Ducker, 205; H. F. Clark, 205; Louis Geiger, 199; Isaac L. Allen, 198; and B. G. Doughty, 198. Twenty-seven competed for *The Turf, Field and Farm* Badge, 200yds., ten rounds, F. H. Holton, J. L. Paulding, J. A. Carman and L. Geiger scoring 44 each; J. W. Todd and W. H. Dunlap, 43; D. F. Davids, 42; G. L. Morse, 41; and N. O'Donnell, 40.

MEMBERS of the Long Island Gun Club, on Aug. 23, shoot for the silver cup contested for monthly, seven birds each, 80 yards boundary, Wm. Wynn (25 yds.) and F. Thompson (25) each killing all, and the former winning in the shoot-off.

AT ROCK SPRINGS, Wyoming, recently, Thos. Quealy of Carbon and George Harris of Rock Springs shot a match at 25 glass balls each, for $50. Each broke 19. In shooting off at 5 balls each Quealy broke 3, Harris 2. Distance, 18yds.

THE TROPHIES won and presented to Captain Bogardus while in England are held by the Customs officers at this port, who refuse to give them up until the duty, about $80, be paid.

THE RARWAY (N. J.) CLUB GOLD BADGE was shot for Aug. 23, ten shots each, 200 yards. J. T. B. Collins won, with a score of 44; J. P. Dart next, with 43.

THE PROGRAMME for the Fall prize meeting of the N. R. A. was issued Aug. 24, but lack of room precludes its publication this week.

AQUATIC.

N. A. A. O.

The sixth annual meeting of the National Association was held in Newark, N. J., Aug. 19, thirty-one delegates being present, over whom H. E. Buermeyer was elected to preside. Wm. Keys of Undine Club, Phila., W. H. Allen, Detroit B. C., and O. M. Remington, Narragansett Club, Providence, R. I., were elected to serve on the Executive Committee for three years, the two former filling vacancies caused by the retirement of A. Krumbhaar and A. L. Reade, by reason of expiration of term. The committee was empowered to reinstate disqualified oarsmen, and it was resolved that any disqualified oarsman should be entitled to one rehearing of his case by the committee, on thirty days' notice, or to an appeal to the Association at the annual meeting. Fred A. Levien and W. Walsh of the Nautilus Club were reinstated by a unanimous vote, and it was decided to give annually hereafter three races for college oarsmen, the Passaic, Eureka, and Triton Clubs of Newark agreeing to each furnish a costly challenge cup for one of these races.

METROPOLITAN REGATTA.

The special event for the pre-cent week in the annual regatta of the Metropolitan Association, which will be held at Pleasant Valley on the Hudson, Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 28. There are seven races on the programme, with entries as follows: Junior sculls—Waverly (2), Palisade, Nereid, Nautilus and Argonauta (1 each). Senior sculls—Triton (2) and Waverly (1); these include Geo. W. Lee. Junior Four-oard gigs—Argonauta, Carman, Nonpareil, Nereid and Bayonne. Pair-oared shells—Argonauta and Bayonne. Four-oared shells—Atlantic, Carman and Saugerties. Six-oared gigs—Dauntless and Carman. Eight-oared barges—Resolute, Columbia and Nereid. It will be noticed that there are very few entries from actual metropolitan clubs, and the fact that a number of the leading organizations will be unrepresented is disappointing to the public, more especially in the case of the four-oared shell event. Arrangements have been made to insure a clear course.

HANLAN AND COURTNEY.

Several meetings of representatives of Edward Hanlan, champion, and C. E. Courtney were held during the past week, and the following dispatch indicates that a satisfactory understanding has been arrived at respecting everything except location, which will doubtless depend upon the question of which responsible people will put up the big race pulled at their doors. If the citizens of Auburn and thereabouts will send the ante up high enough to suit the pecuniary requirements of the scull, they can doubtless have the show on Owasco Lake:

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 24.—David Wishart, representing Hanlan, has just returned from Rochester, where he had a conference with Courtney and Clark, representing the latter. The result was a match for $2,500 a side, to be rowed on or about Oct. 1, with Sheriff Harding of St. John as referee. The locality is not yet decided upon. The distance is five miles with a turn.

ECLIPSE BOAT CLUB.—The third annual regatta of this Canton, O., Club took place Aug. 16. The attendance was unusually large, and the weather and condition of the water could not have been finer. In the junior single scull contest, which followed a grand review of boats at 2 o'clock P. M., three starters contested, and the race, one mile, was won by Ed. J. Meyer in 9m. 15s., N. M. Chance second and Ed. Buckins third. The cup for double-sculls was won by the Eclipse crew, Joe A. Meyer bow and Frank Meyer stroke, in 8m., Ed. Biechele and Chas. Schilling of the Rouzila Club a close second, and John Vogelgesang and V. C. Killian of the Clippers third. The race was close throughout. In the senior single-scull contest there were three starters—Frank Meyer, Joe A. Meyer and R. M. Ballard, all of the Eclipse Club. For the first half mile the race between Grank Meyer and Ballard was almost oar to oar; but at that point Ballard was observed to cease rowing, having been taken with a sudden illness. The finish between Frank and Joe Meyer was close and exciting, however, the former coming in a winner by a third of a length. Time, 8m. 10s. The prizes were formally awarded on Saturday evening, the 17th.

WARDS VS. FAULKNER REAGAN.—It is said that $500 a side was, on Aug. 24, placed in the hands of C. V. Bunten of Boston, Mass., as temporary stakeholder for a proposed four-oared match between two of the Ward Brothers and Faulkner and Reagan, the race to take place at Silver Lake, Mass., Sept. 10. Articles had not at last accounts been signed, but the match was regarded as almost as good as made.

THE SWIMMING TOURNAMENT at Baltimore, Md., Aug. 23, was one of only ordinary interest. Blondell, Cosgrove and Smith were the only ones that participated, Adler and the unknown from Washington failing to show up. The course was a straight mile and a half, and the race was won by Blondell in the stated time of 23½ min.; Cosgrove followed 1¾ min. later, and Smith 3min. behind the latter.

RILEY VS. SMITH.—The telegraph informs us that James Riley and Warren Smith have signed articles of agreement for a race on Bedford Basin Sept. 5. The race is to be three miles, with a turn, and the stakes will be $500 a side. Riley being allowed $100 for expenses. We hold $100 from each, but have not heard anything direct from them in regard to signing of articles.

A DOUBLE-SCULL RACE for a gold medal and a set of colors was rowed at South Cove, Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 24, between members of the Montauk Rowing Club. The distance was two miles straightaway, and Jas. H. Monroe Jr. and Chas. F. Reid of Jersey City defeated C. J. Lewis and Wm. A. Winters of Brooklyn. Time, 15m. 24s.

THE SCULLERS' RACE at Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 23, was won by George H. Hosmer of Boston, one length ahead of Eph Morris, Wallace Ross third, W. McKeu fourth, F. A. Plaisted fifth, P. Latter sixth, Elliott seventh and Coulter last. Time 23m. 17s. Distance, about 3¼ miles, turning course.

A WORKING-BOAT RACE between four four-oared crews was pulled on the Mystic River, Boston, Aug. 23. The Reagans, after fouling the McCarty crew, drew out, and the Sheas, who followed, were awarded to the Meeney four, the Shedd crew receiving the second, $25.

GEO. H. HOSMER, the very promising Hub sculler, has been taken under the protecting wing of Richard W. McManus, for years prominent in boating circles there, who offers to match him against his quondam opponent M. F. Davis for $500 a side.

JAMES WHEAT of Pittsburg, Pa., and John Allison of Boston, Mass., were matched to row 140 yards, in feet scratch, $100 a side, at Newark, N. J., Aug. 30. J. Erb holds $50, and the remainder is to be posted on the day of the race.

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CRICKET.

STATEN ISLAND vs. GERMANTOWN.

Mr. Walsh Jr. of the Germantown Club visited the metropolis on Aug. 24, and brought with him a team strong enough, he thought, to cope with the Staten Islanders; but it proved to be an eleven unequal to the task, and consequently the Philadelphians returned home minus the trophy. The match was one day's play only, and the first inning decided it in favor of the Islanders. As they had but five runs to get to lead the second-inning total when the Germantowns closed play at the bat, the latter gave the match to the Staten Islanders, as it was by 10 wickets. The batting features of the game on the Philadelphia side were the good scores made by the Hargreaves brothers, and by the brothers Caldwell. Bowling Brown and Tom Hargreaves led the score. On the Staten Island side Dodge bore off the palm at the bat, he making the top score of the match. Stevens contributed 35, but they were not earned runs, as he gave three chances. Sprague showed a good defense, and Bance added double figures. Messrs. Harvey and Sprague led the bowling.

First Inning.	GERMANTOWN.	Second Inning
Cadwallader b. Harvey	3	b. Sprague
Castle c. Donald b. Stevens	3	run out
John Hargreaves c. Stevens b. Harvey	18	not out
T. Hargreaves b. Harvey	13	b. Sprague
C. Caldwell c. Smith b. Harvey	4	c. Sprague b. Harvey
W. Caldwell b. Harvey	14	b. Sprague
Brown b. Sprague	4	absent
Marsh, not out	8	b. Sprague
Hoffman b. Sprague	0	b. Sprague
Welsh b. w., b. Harvey	0	thrown out Roberts
Fisher b. Sprague	0	b. Sprague
Byes, 2; wides, 5	7	Byes, 4; wides, 2
Total	71	Total

	STATEN ISLAND—First Inning.	
Bance b. T. Hargreaves	10	Dodge b. T. Hargreaves
Stevens b. Brown	35	Roberts b. Brown
Harvey b. Brown	2	Jarvis 1. b. w. b. T. Hargreaves
Kessler b. Brown	1	Smith b. T. Hargreaves
Donald c. T. Hargreaves b. Brown	7	Sprague, not out
Jones c. Hoffman b. T. Hargreaves	0	Byes, 6; leg byes, 4
Total	119	Total

BOWLING ANALYSIR—First inning—A. Harvey, 102 balls, 36 runs and 7 wickets; F. W. Stevens, 24 balls, 9 runs and 1 wicket; R. Jones, 12 balls and 9 runs; Sprague, 30 balls, 10 runs and 2 wickets. Second inning—Harvey, 54 balls, 21 runs and 1 wicket; Sprague, 36 balls, 19 runs and 6 wickets; Stevens, 41 balls and 6 runs.

N. Caldwell, 30 balls and 20 runs; T. Hargreaves, 114 balls, 46 runs and 5 wickets; H. W. Brown, 102 balls, 33 runs and 5 wickets; A. Marsh, 18 balls and ten runs.

Messrs. Holman and Rhodes acted as umpires.

THE BREWSTER BENEFIT MATCH.—The match for the benefit of Billy Brewster of the Manhattans will come off on Wednesday, Sept. 4, on the St. George Club Grounds at Hoboken, between eleven cricketers selected from the most prominent players in the St. George, Staten Island, Paterson, United Eleven, Patersen and Manhattan Clubs, and eighteen baseball players selected from the Knickerbocker, Staten Island, Nameless, Polytechnic, Hoboken, Olympic, etc., which will include Joe Sprague, pitcher of the Eckford Club when they were champions; Asa Brainard, pitcher of the Cincinnati Red Stockings when they were champions; Al. Gedney and Hicks of the Mutual nine, etc.; and the team will be captained by Brewster, who will play with the ballplayers.

MANHATTAN VS. PATERSON.—The Manhattan Cricket Club will go to Paterson, N. J., on Thursday, Aug. 29, to play a game with their old friends the Paterson Club, who then play their first game for this season. The Manhattans will take the 8.30 train from foot of Chambers street.

DETROIT VS. AUSTRALIANS.—On Aug. 19 Mr. Calvert of the Peninsular Club of Detroit, Mich., received from J. Conway, the financial manager of the Australian team, an acceptance of the challenge forwarded to him from the Detroit Club. The match, therefore, is arranged, and it will take place on the Peninsular Club Grounds, at Detroit, on Oct. 11 and 12. The club will present a strong eighteen to meet the Australians, and a fine display of cricket may be looked for.

THE TURF.

RACING AT SARATOGA.

The meeting at Saratoga, N. Y., continued Aug. 24 with five races, four of which were won by the favorites. First on the list was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, $300, all ages, six starters, with Lady D'Arcy (106) a strong favorite, and, ridden by Darrett, she justified this good opinion by winning by a length from Alleveur (101lb.), who led her by a dozen lengths at the half mile, but was only a length in front at the three-quarter pole. Lorrer (108lb.) was twelve lengths behind Alleveur and was lapped by Majestic (106lb.), Fusilade (96lb.) being last. Time, 1:16¾..... A beautiful handicap mile-and-three-quarter race, $300, followed. Danicheff (108) was the favorite over three others, and, leading almost from the fall of the flag, he won by two lengths, having been kept well to work by Helmsman (98) for the first mile, when the latter quit, and, having a good race with Pilot (106) and Bertha (96) over the final quarter, these two finishing second and third respectively, Helmsman last. Time, 3:08½..... A mile-and-a-quarter dash, $300, all ages, was contested by Parole (104), Battle F. (109), the former, who was the favorite at $500 to $50, of course winning with ease. Time, 2:14. ..... A mile dash, $300, selling allowances, had five starters, Jennie (96) passing Blondell (91) and W. I. Higgins (98) on the last quarter, and winning by a length; Harry Owens (97) third, Blondell fourth, Fury (76) last. Time, 1:43¾..... A handicap steeplechase, $300, full course, under the rules of the road, was won by Waller (166), Deadhead (146), and Derby (144). The lead with which Derby went away was quickly taken from him by Deadhead, who led the first round, with Waller on the main track, half a mile from home, when Maney rushed Waller (the favorite) to the front and led over the hurdle in the turn. Whips were being plied all round at the three-quarter pole, immediately after passing which Deadhead was level with Waller, the pair taking the last jump simultaneously, Deadwood's advantage in weight then telling, and enabling him to win by half a length. Time, 5:33½.

On Monday, Aug. 26, the racing commenced with a three-quarter-mile handicap, which Bramble won, Lady D'Arcy second, Time, 1:17. Then came a dash of a mile and a half, which Helmsman beating the favorite, Kenney, Kilburn, Clemmie G., and Burgoo. Time, 2:46½..... The third race, one mile and eighty yards, was taken by Vanish H., with Starrine, Rhadamanthus, second. Time, 1:53¾..... The selling race, nine furlongs, was won by Dan K., Lucifer second. Time, 2:02.

THE HARTFORD MEETING.

Rarus Beats the Record.

The trotting meeting at Chester Oak Park, Hartford, Ct., began Aug. 20 with a good attendance and track, but poor sport, not free from charges of fraud. Horses of the 2:34 class first on the list, Rarus the favorite (Widdair winning in 2:23¾, 2:24, 2:24½, Gray Salem taking second, Dame Trot third, and Alfred fourth money. The next race, 2:21 class, was matched to 140 yards, in feet scratch, $100 a side, at Newark, N. J., Aug. 30. J. Erb holds $50, and the remainder is to be posted on the day of the race.

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BILLIARDS.

THE J. M. BRUNSWICK & BALKE CO. were to have opened their warerooms, 724 Broadway, this city, to-day (Aug 26). Mr. A. E. Troescher is to be the general manager. H. A. Freeman will be in charge of office, and Frank B. Hodgeboom the traveling agent. The Phillies Cushion Co. they will do even a better business at the East than they have heretofore done at the West.

A ROOM has been added to the Mishler Hotel, Reading, Pa. It measures sixty-five by thirty feet, and is complete in its appointments, containing three tables—one for three-cushion and one pool. The construction and equipment of the room were made under the supervision of the veteran roomkeeper E. D. Cockley, who will be its manager.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, who for some time past has made himself very useful at O'Connor's Union-square Rooms, this city, and has also made many friends while so employed, has just been promoted to the superintendency of the room (Joshua B. Harding's) with six tables in Wilmington, Del.

"YANK" ADAMS gave one of his unique entertainments at the United States Hotel, Newburg, N. Y., on Aug. 22, before a small host of people. On the following night he was to have exhibited in Danbury, Ct., and on the 24th at the Morton House, Greenwich, Ct.

FRANK PARKER is now in charge of the salesroom of the Brunswick & Balke Company, Chicago. His case against the railroad company has not been settled, notwithstanding the statement in a Chicago paper shortly after the accident.

YANK ADAMS is requested to send for a letter.

AMUSEMENTS.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY, COR. 29TH ST.
GRAND REOPENING MONDAY, SEPT. 2,
with THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
The Famous Trio
BIRCH, WAMBOLD AND BACKUS.
Reappearance of the Great Comedians
GEO. HATHAWAY AND ANDY RYMAN.
First appearance of
MR. JAMES HARTON AND CHAS. STEVENS.
H. W. FRILLMAN, W. RAYMOND, C. GIBBONS,
THE GREAT RICARDO,
JOHNSON AND POWERS,
MULLALY ORCHESTRA
ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2. 23-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE.
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART ..... Proprietors.
A GRAND WELCOME back to the metropolis, the scene of former triumphs. The beautiful theatre, which has undergone thorough and expensive alterations, is now a SPARKLING BIJOU, throwing forth nightly its cheerful scintillations upon numerous and delighted audiences.
HARRIGAN AND HART,
fresh from the invigorating air of the mountains of the great West, and armed with renewed vigor, consequent upon a most successful tour

A LOVE LETTER:

From the Song-and-dance Man to the Girl he has Seen but Once.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

With no little hesitation,
I take my pen in hand
To describe an odd sensation,
Which perhaps you'll understand,
And which I first experienced a month or so ago,
When I happened to discover you a-sitting in the show.

As I never had the honor
Of meeting you, I'd state
That my name is James O'Connor,
Artistic jigger, late
Of Turner and O'Connor, the double song-and-dance
Performers, and acknowledged in their line par excellence.

Now, my object in addressing
This letter to you, miss
(It's rather hard confessing),
Quite briefly told, is this:
The moment that I saw you I was gone, and no mistake,
And I hope you'll not suspect me, miss, of giving you a fake.

Such a make-up no one ever
Had the luck to see before,
And I tell you, miss, I never
Was so smitten to the core;
And I'd add, if I were certain it would not offend your pride,
That I saw, by simply looking, there was nothing in you "smide."

I was jealous of the usher
Who showed you to a seat,
And I said: "That girl's a crusher,
As beautiful as sweet!"
Those were my words exactly, miss, though you may be surprised
To learn that in so short a time a gent you'd paralyzed.

And while I ask your pardon
If it makes you feel abashed,
I hope you'll not be hard on
The fellow you have mashed;
For though I never cared to close with anyone before,
I'd like to make you agent of my heart forevermore.

I say, and I can back it,
That my salary's always high,
While as for every racket
You can bet that I am fly.
I never was a rounder, nor with mushrooms did engage,
But am really a good dresser, both on and off the stage.

Now, if you should be looking
For an opening, I'd state
That I have one, free of booking,
And I offer you the date.
If you want a good engagement, we will double up for life
As Mr. James O'Connor and his very charming wife.

Your answer will be looked for
With expectancy; and if
I find that I am hooked for
A silent negative,
I'll cancel the engagement; and, meantime, I have the honor
To subscribe myself respectfully your suitor,
JAMES O'CONNOR.

THE LAST OF THE MONTAGUES, OR SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

PART THE FIRST.—THE PROPHECY.

A group of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—were seated at lunch on the balcony of the Hotel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny afternoon in the latter part of May. The first speaker was a fine-looking young man of three-and-twenty, whose comely features, dark, curling hair, and tall, well-shaped figure amply bore out the name of "Handsome Ned," given him by his intimates. Young, rich, good-looking, popular with high and low, in the plenitude of health and vigor, lately betrothed to the charming girl whose soft, lustrous eyes were watching him half tenderly, half archly, from the other side of the board—Viscount Montague might fairly account himself an extremely lucky young fellow. But upon that bright young face, firm and manly as it was, a cloud—a doom-cloud—rested which haunts one in the wooded heights of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles I.—ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition current among the elders of his native country, that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a double sense, and that with him the grand old line which had left its mark upon every age of English history since the days of the Tudors was doomed to pass away forever.

Beside him sat his inseparable associate, Sedley Burdett, whose square, muscular figure, and frank, sun-burnt face looked the very embodiment of Young England at its best. Side by side, the two young men had shot buffaloes on Indian prairies, walked moose through Canadian forests, "bowled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hobnobbed with negro kings on the coast of Africa; and they were now escorting the "Flower of Kent" and her mother on the inevitable tour through Switzerland, not without a secret hope that some unscalable mountain might afford them a chance of breaking their necks in the good old British way.

"Did you see how old Johann eyed me as he brought in the lunch?" said Montague. "He's evidently a devout believer in the Continental creed that an Englishman's natural occupation is to shy a boot through a window, and then do it forthwith."

"Aye," laughed Burdett; "just what Dr. Buchmann said to me yesterday: 'Mein Herr, those countrymen of yours! When I was practising in Saxony, I had no peace for them! First thing in the morning, kling! kling! at my door. "What the morning, kling! kling! at my door. "What the devil's an Englander, who has broken his leg in trying to scale the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet." I set the Herr Englander's leg, and am making him comfortable, when kling! kling! again. "What now?" an Englander, nearly drowned in swimming across the Elbe for a wager." I wrap the Herr Englander in hot blankets, and bring him to. Before half an hour is over, kling! kling! once more. "Mein Herr! what's the matter?" "An Englander, who has broken a blood-vessel in trying to run twelve miles an hour, because somebody said he couldn't." Mein Herr! am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason.'"

"But you won't do any more of these horrible things now, Edward," said Marion Wentworth entreatingly; "you promised to be more careful, you know, while you were with us."

"Don't be frightened, my child," answered the viscount with his gay laugh; "believe me, I have no intention of being killed any sooner than is absolutely necessary. Would you believe it, Sed? absolutely necessary. Would you believe it, Sed? this is a reasonable young woman is making herself miserable, and daily expecting a notification to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than an old monk's prophecy."

"An old monk's prophecy?" exclaimed Burdett inquiringly.

"What, haven't you heard of it?" cried Montague. "Well, this is a treat to find one man to whom that story's new. You must know, then, that the estate which Harry the Eighth bestowed upon my respected ancestor Sir Anthony Browne included Battle Abbey and the lands appertaining to it; and mighty short work he made of the poor fat monks, if all tales be true. But, after they were expelled, it began to be whispered that one monk still remained in the old walls, and that he was not to be driven out by either king or lord."

"My Word!" cried Burdett, "that's just the Black Friar of Norman Stone over again. Do you remember with what dramatic energy our old tutor used to repeat that verse?—

"'Beware, beware of the Black Friar!
He still retains his sway.
For he is still the Church's heir,
Whoe'er may be the lay.
A Mandeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor power nor might can raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.'"

"Well," pursued Montague, "when my worthy forefather came into his property, the first thing he did was to give a big dinner in the great hall of Battle, and found it half as tiresome as the dinner I had to give when I came of age, the implety must have been its own avenger), and they lighted up the old place with a perfect blaze of torches, and held high revel till midnight. And then, all of a sudden, a chill blast of wind came moaning through the hall, making all the doors and wall-coats along the walls clank and rustle; and the huge door swung slowly open, and in the midst of the guests, no one could see where or how, appeared the shrouded figure of a tall monk. It glided like a shadow up to the dias where my ancestor was seated, and said in a deep, hollow voice, that seemed to make the very torches grow pale as it spoke:

"'Anthony of Cowdray! thou hast enriched thyself with the spoils of God's Church, and for that deed His judgments are upon thee and thine. As snow melts in the sunshine, so shall thy race decay, until the end come; and it shall come suddenly, in one day, *by fire and water!*'

It was strange enough to note how Montague's light tone deepened into tragic solemnity as the dismal tale proceeded, and how the shadowy impress of doom on his handsome face came out plainer and plainer with every word. The anxious look in Marion Wentworth's eyes grew into absolute terror as he ended, and she seemed about to speak when the waiter's entrance with a dish of fruit interrupted the scene.

As he entered, Mrs. Wentworth, evidently wishing to change the subject, spoke to him:

"Waiter! when did you say the night illumination of the Falls was to be?"

"Thursday week, gracious lady: but it will hardly be so good as the one we had last year, when they sent a big boat over the Falls hung all round with lanterns."

"Was there anybody in her?" asked Montague.

"What do you say, milord?" gasped the old man, with a stare of blank amazement.

"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, milord? The boat went over the Falls, I tell you!"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go with her to keep her straight?"

"Why?" echoed Johann, goaded beyond endurance. "Because we Rhinelanders are no fonder of being drowned than other people. We have many a silly thing done in my time, but a man shooting the Schaffhausen Falls in a boat is a thing I've never seen yet, and never shall."

The sudden gleam in Montague's dark eye, and the glow on his handsome features, sufficiently betrayed the wild thought suggested to him by the honest German's last words. The significant glance exchanged between him and Burdett showed that the same idea was in the minds of both, though the latter accompanied his look with a warning gesture, reminding the reckless viscount of the effect which the words that were just about to break from his lips would have upon the two ladies. But when they had retired Montague could contain himself no longer.

"Glorious idea! We'll do it—eh, Sed?"

"Do it? I should think we would! After 'The Gueule d'Enfer' Rapids in Canada, this thing'll be a joke! 'Never seen it yet, and never shall,' eh? We'll give Mr. Johann another story to tell to-morrow, one that'll last longer than any of his present stock!"

PART THE SECOND.—THE FULFILLMENT.

Our two heroes were not the men to loiter over any enterprise however desperate, upon which they had once resolved; and they lost not a moment in setting out in quest of a boat. But to find one was no easy matter. Some were unseaworthy; others failed to please the critical eye of Sedley Burdett, who, with all his recklessness, knew better than to leave any chance uncared-for in a match where life itself was at stake. More than one conscientious native, on learning the nature of the proposed exhibition, flatly refused to have anything to do with it; nor was it till late in the afternoon that they at length met with a less scrupulous individual, who, on receiving the full value of his boat in advance, and a handsome gratuity for the use of her, consented to let the "English madmen" have their way.

He agreed to have the boat in readiness at a convenient spot, and then took his leave.

It was considerably past eleven o'clock that night, and Burdett, mindful of the tough work that awaited him next morning, was preparing for bed, when Montague (who slept in the next room) burst in, with a flush of unusual excitement on his face.

"Sed, old fellow, we must alter our time of starting. Those meddlesome asses, the local authorities, are going to put a spoke in our wheel!"

"Do you mean that they'll try to stop us?" asked Burdett, with the natural amazement of an Englishman at anyone presuming to oppose his will.

"I do, indeed! That prating fool of a boatman (see if I don't punch his head when it's all over!) must have let the cat out of the bag; for as I came through the hall just now I heard the landlady say to her husband: 'Ought we to let them go? It's really no better than suicide!' and the old sinner answered with a chuckle: 'Be easy, my Gretchen—when these young distracted ones get to their boat, they will find it in charge of certain Gerichts-Diener [policemen] who are less foolish than they, and no harm will be done!'"

"Just like their confounded cheek!" cried Burdett. "What shall we do, then?"

"Do? Why, set the alarm-clock two hours earlier (I'm safe to hear where I am), and start at four, instead of six; and we'll just meet the 'minions of the law' on our way back to breakfast, and a jolly sell it'll be for them! My word, every mortal thing seems to have conspired against this venture of ours; but I'll go through with it, no matter who stands in my way!"

For one moment a thrill of superstitious awe shot through the stout heart of Sedley Burdett. Could it be that these countless hindrances were really a last barrier vainly opposed to the fatal impulse which was hurrying them both to destruction? The unnatural excitement of his comrade's manner, the feverish lustre of his eyes, the heated flush on his usually pale face, were all terribly suggestive of one goaded to his doom by some irresistible frenzy—flashing upon Burdett's mind with ghastly vividness, the sudden memory of a long-forgotten painting of the young German knight lured to his death in the hungry waters of the Rhine by the siren song of the Lorelei. He opened his lips to propose the abandonment of the whole project; but the fear of ridicule (that fear which has destroyed many a gallant man) withered the wholesome impulse, and the favorable moment went by—forever.

Morning at last—a bright, breezy, glorious Summer morning, over which all things in earth and heaven seemed to rejoice. The blue skies, the waving woods, the green, sunny slopes, the broad, bright stream of the great river itself, all seemed to smile a welcome to the eyes that might so soon be closed forever. Even the two English athletes, absorbed as they were in their perilous enterprise, felt the influence of the hour, and muttered with involuntary admiration:

"What a royal day!"

One vigorous stroke sent the light boat far out into the swift, dark current, down which it shot like an arrow from a bow. Rocks, trees, houses, seemed racing past on either side. No need to swim at the oars now; all that could be done with them was to keep the boat's bow perfectly straight, so as to offer as little space as possible to the rush of a current which seemed well able to carry away an entire city.

Suddenly there came a dizzy plunge—a shock that threw both men from their places—and then all around was one boiling whirl of foam, and the boat was flung to and fro, and dashed up and down, amid an uproar that seemed to rend the very sky. For one feverish moment life and death seemed to hang by a hair; and then the two daring men found themselves floating on the little border-line of calm water that has separated the first fall from the worse peril of the second.

"Hurrah!" shouted Montague gleefully; "who says it can't be done now? Keep her head straight, Sed., my boy, and we'll come out all right yet!"

The triumphant cheer was answered by a cry of dismay from the shore, and the two oarsmen, looking up, beheld Marion Wentworth rushing distractedly towards the edge of the high bank that overhung the second fall, followed by Montague's English servant. At the sound of his betrothed's voice, Montague turned his face towards her, and waved his hand cheerily; and then his self-control underwent such a fearful picture as the one which that moment branded forever on the memory of those who saw it. The stern, black rocks on either hand, flecked with living green by the shrubs that clung to their craggy sides; the vast hill of leaping foam, halfway down which the frail boat hovered like a bird; the rainbow-arch that spanned the black, howling gulf beneath; the glory of the sunrise stealing softly into the pure, peaceful sky, in strange contrast with the rock-rending uproar below; the stalwart figures of the two gallant lads, straining every nerve to achieve their perilous task; the handsome, reckless face of the "last of the Montagues," with a gay smile on its short, curved lip, and an ominous glitter in its large, dark eyes.

"Good-morning, my pet!" cried he gayly; "you're just in time for the end of the play!"

These were the last words that Montague ever spoke. That momentary negligence had allowed the boat's head to deviate slightly from the direct line, and in an instant the whirl of the current threw its exposed side full against the tremendous rush of the cataract. One frantic struggle to regain the lost ground, and then boat and men vanished forever into the mists of the roaring abyss below.

From that fatal hour life was over for the "Flower of Kent." All that remained of the once bright and beautiful girl was a pale, silent, joyless phantom—a body, as it were, without soul. Neither the tender care of her fond mother, nor the skill of the most accomplished physicians, nor even the sight of her dead lover's ruined home (the burning of which, on the very day of its master's death, fulfilled, by a sheer coincidence, the dismal prediction) availed aught to break that deadly lethargy which endured for the brief remainder of her life, checked only by the spasms of convulsive agony invariably produced by the one sound which her ear still had power to recognize—the sound of rushing water.

—Cassell's Magazine.

MR. TWELVETREES' TROUBLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

He came into the office quietly, but with a determined look upon his face. It was by no means a common face, as even a most casual glance would have revealed. The eyes were deep-set in their sockets, the cheeks sunken, and the complexion of that yellowish hue peculiar to a bad liver and poetic proclivities. He carried a cotton umbrella and wore cloth gaiters.

"You are the editor, I believe?" he said calmly, but with significant emphasis.

"I am," answered the disciple of the quill, tipping back his chair and eyeing his visitor a little uneasily.

"You are responsible for what appears in your paper, I presume?"

"Well, yes: I suppose I am."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, I sent a short poem to be published the other day—a mere trifle, I admit, but suggested by the death of Simon Sheldon, one of the most respected citizens in this county."

"Ah, yes. And the poem did not appear? It is a pity, but I assure you——"

"Yes, it does did appear, sir," interrupted the visitor, as he drew forth a copy of the paper from his pocket. "It appeared, and that is why I am here!"

The editor raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," continued the stranger, unfolding the paper; "that is why I am here. You may not know it, sir, but I have some reputation in this section as a poet. My name is Twelvetrees—Obadiah Twelvetrees. It was I who read the ode at the Centennial celebration at Jackson Corners. It was I also who had the honor of being selected poet on the occasion of the opening of the Jackson Railroad. In one way and another, I have become known to my fellow-townsmen as a man of literary tastes, and it was at the urgent request of the bereaved family that I composed those verses on Simon Sheldon's death."

"Well?" queried the editor, a little impatiently.

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr. Twelvetrees, "those lines, as they appear printed in your paper, would ruin the reputation of Henry Longfellow himself. Take the very first line. As I wrote it it read thus: 'Although he's gone, he's left a wreath behind.' But how is it printed? Why, thus: 'Although he's gone, he's left his teeth behind.'"

"That is a very stupid error on the part of the printer," observed the editor in a pacifying tone.

"Stupid? I should say so! Is our late beloved fellow-townsman to be ridiculed because it was his misfortune to wear false teeth? But let us proceed. In the second stanza occurs this line: 'Firm truth he ever made a purpose set.' Is that what I find in the paper? No, sir. The line is distorted into the following: 'From youth he never paid an honest debt.' May I ask you, sir, what you think of that?"

"I think that is very bad indeed," said the journalist gravely. "I can't understand how——"

"Of course you can't," interrupted Mr. Twelvetrees, bringing the cotton umbrella down with a thump. "Nobody can understand why a gentleman of the late Mr. Sheldon's standing should be libeled in such a manner as that. But I have not given you a specimen yet. In the fourth stanza occurred this line: 'He never sought for places in the land.' That, as you may perhaps perceive, had reference to his refusal to run for the Assembly two years ago. Now, how is this delicate allusion made to read? Listen: 'He never dealt five aces in a hand!'" Here the poet removed his seedy silk hat and wiped the perspiration from the lining. It was evident that he was reaching a point where his indignation might lead him to do something rash. "I am not, Mr. Editor," he resumed—"I am not a man easily given to anger, but I submit that the provocation is here justifiable for a certain amount of indignation. I need not remind you that the late Mr. Sheldon was a member of the church, and never played a game of cards in his life."

"It is certainly very unfortunate," repeated the editor, who was beginning to move restlessly in his chair.

"Let me pass on to the seventh stanza. There, after referring to the well-known liberality of the deceased, I introduced this line: 'He meted out to all what justice asked.' When I turn to your paper I find that my muse is made responsible for the following: 'He cheated somewhat tall, but seldom passed.' Now, I put it to you as a Christian if you think that is right?"

"I certainly do not," responded the editor.

"Take the eleventh stanza," continued the poet. "That is the one which was to have been put on Mr. Sheldon's monument. It contained this line: 'A thinker deep, he was the first of friends.' That was expressive and neat. But what sort of an epitaph would this make, which is the version I find in your valuable paper? Just hear it: 'A drinker deep, he was the worst of friends.' Perhaps you would like to have something of that sort put on your gravestone?"

"No, I shouldn't," answered the editor faintly.

Mr. Twelvetrees turned the paper over, and with a deep sigh proceeded:

"I pass by innumerable minor errors, which in themselves would drive any poet insane, and call your attention to the climax of these outrages, which is found in the last stanza. As written, it ran thus:

"'For years to come his memory will be green,
And we shall think of him as one who lent
An inward beauty to the graces seen;
Alas, too quickly was his life's lamp spent?'

I say it modestly, but I think that is a poetical stanza. Now, oblige me by listening to what is here printed:

"'Four ears he had, if memory still be green,
And we shall think of him as one who lent
On interest heavy, and was always mean—
An ass who quickly all his few stamps spent!'

In the name of the Nine Muses, I ask you, sir——"

But at this point Mr. Twelvetrees discovered that the editor had slipped out of the door and left him alone. So he gathered up his umbrella and departed, his gaitered feet measuring off spondees at every step.

OUR LIST OF FAIRS.

In accordance with our usual custom, we are enabled, through the courtesy of *The American Agriculturist*, to present our readers with an accurate list of the principal fairs about to be held in various portions of the United States.

STATE AND INDUSTRIAL FAIRS.

American Institute, New York	Sept. 11—Nov. 23
Ag'l and Mech'l Exposition of the Northwest, Dubuque, Iowa	Sept. 9, 12
California, Sacramento	Sept. 16, 21
Cal., Southern, Los Angeles	Oct. 14, 19
Colorado, Denver	Sept. 24, 28
Connecticut, Hartford	Sept. 10, 13
Dakotah	Sept. 10, 13
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 23, 28
Georgia, Macon	Oct. 28—Nov. 2
Illinois, Freeport	Sept. 16 21
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 30—Oct. 5
Inter-State, Chicago	Sept. 4—Oct. 19
Iowa, Cedar Rapids	Sept. 16, 20
Kan-as City Express, Kansas City, Mo.	Sept. 16, 20
Kentucky Ag'l and Mech'l, Lexington	Aug. 27, 31
Maine, Portland	Sept. 17, 20
Maryland, Pimlico	Sept. 24, 27
Maryland Institute, Baltimore	Oct. 2—Nov. 2
Mass. Char. Mechanics, Boston	Sept. 2—Nov. 2
Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco	Aug. 13, Sept. 14
Michigan, Detroit	Sept. 16, 20
Minnesota A. and M., Minneapolis	Sept. 2, 7
Minnesota State, St. Paul	Sept. 2, 7
Missouri, Madison	Sept. 9, 13
Montana, Helena	Sept. 23, 26
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 25, 27
Nevada, Reno	Oct. 7, 12
New England, Worcester, Mass	Sept. 3, 6
New Hampshire, Manchester	Oct. —, —
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 16, 20
New Jersey Horticultural, Mt. Holly	Sept. 9, 13
New York, Elmira	Sept. 9, 13
Ohio, Columbus	Sept. 9, 13
Oregon, Salem	Oct. 10, 18
Pennsylvania, Erie	Sept. 9, 13
St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 7—Oct. 12
Texas, Austin	Oct. 29—Nov. 2
Texas, Houston	Oct. 22, 26
Tri-State Fair, Dayton, O.	Sept. 10, 12
Vermont, Rutland	Sept. 10, 12
Virginia, Richmond	Oct. 29—Nov. 1
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 9, 13

DISTRICT FAIRS.

Georgia, North, Atlanta	Oct. 21
Ohio, Central, Mechanicsburg	Sept. 6
Ohio, Northern, Cleveland	Sept. 9, 13
Kentucky, North, Florence	Aug. 27
Ohio, Southern, Dayton	Sept. 23, 27
Indiana, Northern, Ft. Wayne	Sept. 9, 14
Iowa, Northern, Pottsville	Sept. 3, 6
Tri-State, O., Mich., Indiana, Toledo	Sept. 16, 24
Wisconsin, Central, Watertown	Sept. 23, 27
Wisconsin, Northwestern, Oshkosh	Sept. 23, 27
Wisconsin, Southern, Beloit	Sept. 2, 6
Wisconsin, Southwestern, Mineral Point	Sept. 3, 9

COUNTY AND TOWN FAIRS.

Maine.

Androscoggin, Lewiston	Oct. 1, 3
Franklin, Farmington	Oct. 8, 10
Knox, Camden	Oct. 1, 3
Montville, Montville	Oct. 2
Piscataquis, East, Brownville	Sept. 28, 24
Scarboro, Prospect Hill	Sept. 24, 25
Waldo and Penobscot, Monroe	Oct. 1, 2

New Hampshire.

Cheshire, Keene	Sept. 25, 26
Sullivan, Claremont	Sept. 25, 26

Vermont.

Caledonian, St. Johnsbury	Sept. 17, 19
Franklin, Sheldon	Sept. 4, 6

Massachusetts.

Barnstable, Barnstable	Sept. 17, 18
Berkshire, Pittsfield	Oct. 1, 3
Bristol, Taunton	Sept. 24, 26
Bristol Centre, Myrick's	Sept. 11, 13
Deerfield Valley, Charlemont	Sept. 18, 19
Essex, Lawrence	Sept. 24, 25
Franklin, Greenfield	Sept. 26, 27
Hampden, Springfield	Sept. 24, 25
Hampden, East, Palmer	Se t. 17, 18
Hampshire, Amherst	Sept. 17, 18
Hampshire, etc., Northampton	Sept. 19, 21
Hancock, Pittsfield	Sept. 26
Highland, Middlefield	Sept. 12, 13
Hingham, Hingham	Sept. 24, 25
Hoosac Valley, North Adams	Sept. 17, 18
Housatonic, East Nottingham	Sept. 25, 26
Marshfield, Marshfield	Sept. 11, 12
Martha's Vineyard, West Tisbury	Oct. 1, 2
Middlesex, Concord	Sept. 24, 25
Middlesex, North, Lowell	Sept. 24, 25
Middlesex, South, Framingham	Sept. 17, 18
Nantucket, Nantucket	Sept. 4, 5
Nashoba, Acton	Sept. 3
Norfolk, Readville	Sept. 26, 27
Plymouth, Bridgewater	Sept. 18, 20
Union, Blandford	Sept. 18, 19
Wilmington Far. Club, Wilmington	Sept. 20
Worcester, Worcester	Sept. 19, 20
Worcester, North, Fitchburg	Sept. 20
Worcester, Central, Leicester	Oct. 1, 2
Worcester, South, Starbridge	Sept. 12, 13
Worcester, Southeast, Milford	Sept. 24, 26
Worcester, West, Barre	Sept. 26, 27

Rhode Island.

Washington, West Kingston	Sept. 10, 13

Connecticut.

Danbury Town, Danbury	Oct. 1, 3
Fairfield, Fairfield	Sept. 10, 12
Guilford, Guilford	Sept. 24
Honsatonic, New Milford	Sept. 24, 26
Meriden, Meriden	Sept. 18, 19
Milford and Orange, Milford	Sept. 11, 12
New Haven, New Haven	Sept. 25, 27
New London, Norwich	Sept. 17, 19
Ridgefield, Ridgefield	Sept. 10, 11
Union, Falls Village	Sept. 10, 11
Watertown, Watertown	Sept. 24, 26
Windham, Brookline	Sept. 24, 26

New York.

Annsville and Lee, Taberg	Sept. 10, 12
Brookfield, Clarkville	Sept. 24, 25
Broome, Whitney's Point	Sept. 3, 6
Chautauqua, Jamestown	Sept. 11, 13
Dat by, Danby (Tompkins)	Sept. 18
Delaware, Delhi	Sept. 10, 12
Duchess, Washington Hollow	Sept. 17, 19
Edmeston and Burlington, Edmeston	Sept. 11, 13
Erie, Hamburg	Sept. 10, 13
Essex, Westport	Sept. 17, 19
Franklin, Malone	Sept. 25, 27
Fulton, Johnstown	Sept. 17, 19
Fulton, Mayfield	Sept. 17, 19
Greene, Xenia	Aug. 14, 16
Hancock, Findlay	Oct. 2, 5
Hardin, Kenton	Sept. 25, 28
Harrison, Cadiz	Sept. 3, 6
Hocking, Logan	Oct. 2, 5
Holmes, Millersburg	Sept. 25, 27
Jackson, Jackson C H	Sept. 13, 18
Jefferson, Smithfield	Sept. 25, 27
Knox, Mount Vernon	Sept. 24, 27
Lake, Painesville	Sept. 4, 6
Lawrence, Proctor	Sept. 4, 6
Licking, Newark	Oct. 1, 4
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 1, 4
Lorain, Elyria	Sept. 3, 5
Lucas, Toledo	Sept. 18, 21
Mahoning, Canfield	Oct. 1, 3
Marion, Marion	Oct. 1, 4
Medina, Medina	Sept. 17, 19
Meigs, Pomeroy	Sept. 19, 20
Mercer, Celina	Sept. 10, 13
Miami, Troy	Oct. 1, 4
Monroe, Woodsfield	Sept. 17, 19
Morgan, McConnellsville	Sept. 17, 19
Morrow, Mount Gilead	Oct. 9, 11
Muskingum, Zanesville	Sept. 3, 6
Ottawa, Port Clinton	Sept. 16, 18
Paulding, Paulding	Oct. 1, 4
Perry, New Lexington	Sept. 25, 27
Pickaway, Circleville	Oct. 1, 4
Preble, Eaton	Sept. 24, 27
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 25, 27
Putnam, Ottawa	Oct. 9, 12
Richland, Mansfield	Sept. 3, 6
Ross, Chillicothe	Sept. 3, 6
Sandusky, Fremont	Oct. 1, 4
Seneca, Tiffin	Oct. 1, 4
Shelby, Sidney	Oct. 1, 4
Stark, Canton	Oct. 1, 4
Summit, Akron	Sept. 17, 20
Trumbull, Warren	Sept. 17, 20
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover	Oct. 1, 4
Union, Marysville	Oct. 1, 4
Van Wert, Van Wert	Sept. 17, 19
Warren, Lebanon	Sept. 17, 20
Washington, Marietta	Sept. 4, 6
Wayne, Wooster	Oct. 2, 4
Wood, Tontogany	Sept. 3, 6

Indiana.

Allen, Fort Wayne	Sept. 9, 13
Bartholomew, Columbus	Aug. 27, 31
Bridgeton Union, Bridgeton	Aug. 26, 31
Boone, Lebanon	Sept. 9, 13
Carroll, Delphi	Sept. 25, 27
Cass, Logansport	Sept. 24, 27
Clark, Charlestown	Sept. 10, 13
Clinton, Frankfort	Sept. 16, 20
Decatur, Greensburg	Aug. 20, 23
Delaware, Muncie	Sept. 10, 13
Dunkirk Union, Dunkirk	Sept. 3, 6
East Enterprise, Switzerland County	Sept. 10, 13
Edinburgh Union, Edinburgh	Sept. 24, 28
Elkhart, Goshen	Oct. 1, 4
Fayette, Connersville	Sept. 3, 6
Fulton, Rochester	Sept. 19, 21
Fountain W. and V., Covington	Sept. 24, 27
Franklin, Brookville	Oct. 12, 14
Gibson, Princeton	Sept. 16, 20
Grant, Marion	Sept. 17, 20
Greene, Linton	Oct. 7, 5
Hamilton, Cicero	Aug. 29, 30
Harrison, Corydon	Sept. 10, 14
Hendricks Danville	Sept. 10, 13
Henry, New Castle	Sept. 17, 20
Howard, Kokomo	Sept. 16, 21
Huntington, Huntington	Sept. 17, 20
Jasper, Rensselaer	Sept. 17, 20
Jay, Portland	Oct. 4
Jefferson, Madison	Sept. 17, 20
Knightstown Union, Knightstown	Aug. 27, 30
Knox, Vincennes	Oct. 14, 19
Kosciusko, Warsaw	Sept. 25, 26
La Grange, La Grange	Sept. 25, 27
Lake, Crown Point	Sept. 24, 27
La Porte, La Porte	Sept. 25, 27
Lawrence, Bedford	Sept. 10, 13
Loogootee District, Loogootee	Oct. 8, 12
Madison, Anderson	Sept. 3, 6
Marion, Valley Mills	Sept. 3, 7
Miami, Peru	Sept. 17, 20
Middlefork District, Middlefork	Aug. 26, 30
Middletown Union, Middletown	Aug. 20, 23
Monroe, Bloomington	Sept. 24, 26
Mitchell District, Mitchell	Sept. 25, 29
Morgan, Martinsville	Sept. 10, 15
Noble, Ligonier	Sept. 17, 20
Northeastern Indiana, Waterloo	Oct. 8, 11
Perry, Rome	Oct. 1, 4
Porter, Valparaiso	Sept. 18, 20
Posey, New Harmony	Sept. 13, 18
Pike, Petersburg	Sept. 2, 6
Putnam, Greencastle	Sept. 23, 28
Prairie Farmer, Francesville	Sept. 10, 13
Randolph, Winchester	Sept. 17, 20
Remington, District, Remington	Aug. 27, 30
Ripley, Osgood	Aug 27, 30
Rush, Rushville	Sept. 10, 13
Russellville Union, Russellville	Aug. 19, 21
Shelby, Shelbyville	Sept. 3, 6
Steuben, Angola	Sept. 24, 27
Sullivan, Sullivan	Sept. 3, 6
Thornton Union, Thorntown	Sept. 25, 28
Tipocanoe, Lafayette	Sept. 2, 7
Union City District, Union City	Sept. 24, 27
Vigo, Terre Haute	Sept. 24, 27
Wabash, Wabash	Sept. 10, 13
Warren, West Lebanon	Sept. 9, 14
Warrick, Boonville	Oct. 8, 12
Wayne, Richmond	Sept. 24, 27
Worthington Industrial, Worthington	Sept. 24, 27

Illinois.

Adams, Camp Point	Sept. 2, 6
Adams, Quincy	Sept. 24, 27
Boone, Belvidere	Sept. 3, 6
Brown, Mount Sterling	Sept. 17, 20
Bureau, Bureau	Sept. 3, 10
Carroll, Mount Carroll	Aug. 27, 30
Champaign, Champaign	Sept. 3, 6
Christian, Taylorville	Sept. 17, 20
Clark, Marshall	No report
Clay, Louisville	Sept. 10, 11
Clay, Flora	Sept. 24, 27
Clinton, Carlyle	No report
Coles, Charleston	Sept. 17, 21
Crawford, Robinson	Oct. 8, 11
Cumberland, Majority Point	Sept. 23, 2
De Kalb, Sandwich	Sept. 10, 13
De Kalb, Sycamore	No report
De Kalb, De Kalb	Sept. 11, 13
De Witt, Clinton	Aug. 20, 23
De Witt, Farmer City	Sept. 10, 13
Douglas, Tuscola	Sept. 10, 14
Du Page, Wheaton	Sept. 11, 13
Edgar, Paris	Sept. 3, 5
Edwards, Albion	Sept. 17, 21
Fayette, Vandalia	Oct. 2, 5
Ford, Paxton	Sept. 10, 13
Gibson, Gibson City	Sept. 16, 20
Franklin, Benton	Sept. 24, 27
Fulton, Canton	Sept. 3, 6
Fulton, Avon	Sept. 24, 27
Hallain, Shawneetown	Oct. 1, 4
Greene, Carrollton	Oct. 1, 4
Grundy, Morris	Sept. 24, 27
Hardin, Elizabethtown	Sept. 18, 21
Henderson, Biegaville	Sept. 17, 21
Henry, Cambridge	Aug. 26, 30
Iroquois, Onarga	Sept. 2, 7
Jackson, Murphysboro	Oct. 8, 11
Jasper, Newton	Sept. 24, 27
Jefferson, Mt. Vernon	Oct. 8, 11
Jersey, Jerseyville	Oct. 15, 18
Jo Daviess, Galena	Sept. 24, 26
Jo Daviess, Warren	Sept. 24, 27
Kane, Aurora	Sept. 3, 6
Kankakee, Kankakee	Sept. 3, 6
Kendall, Bristol	Sept. 10, 12
Knox, Knoxville	Sept. 17, 20
Lake, Waukegan	Sept. 23, 28
La Salle, Ottawa	Sept. 3, 6
Lawrence, Lawrenceville	Oct. 2, 5
Livingston, Pontiac	Sept. 2, 7
Livingston, Fairbury	Sept. 10, 11
Logan, Lincoln	Sept. 24, 27
Logan, Atlanta	Aug. 19, 23
Macon, Decatur	Sept. 30—Oct. 4
Macoupin, Carlinville	Sept. 30—Oct. 4
Marion, Centralia	Oct. 1, 4
Marshall, Wenona	Sept. 23, 27
Mason, Havana	Sept. 17, 20
Massac, Metropolis	Sept. 3, 6
McDonough, Macomb	Aug. 27, 31
McHenry, Woodstock	Sept. 24, 27
McLean, Bloomington	Sept. 17, 20
McLean, Bloomington	Sept. 3, 6
Menard, Petersburg	Sept. 3, 6
Mercer, Aledo	Sept. 24, 27
Montgomery, Hillsboro	Oct. 8, 11
Montgomery, Litchfield	Oct. 15, 18
Morgan, Jacksonville	Sept. 10, 13
Moultrie, Sullivan	Sept.

centreboards, Fanchon and Vision; second class, Thisbe; third class, Clara B. and Psyche. First-class keel-sloops, Gael and Annie; second class, Veronica.

TYROS ON THEIR MUSCLE.—An exciting boat-race took place on Toronto Bay, Ont., on Saturday morning, Aug. 17, between employes of *The Globe* newsroom, there being eleven entries and $10 in prizes. The distance was two miles straightaway, and, after a severe struggle, the following came in winners: Cronin, first; Davis, second; Mike Hayes, an apprentice, third. Starter, Mr. Fitzgerald; judge, C. Cahley; referee, Mr. Bennett. Cronin's friends have matched him for $50 a side against Winter of *The Telegram*.

ROWING AT PHILADELPHIA.—A five-mile race for $400 is to be rowed at Fisher's Cove, back of Petty's Island, on the Delaware, between Wm. Flick of Kensington and John Glenn of Schuylkill on Tuesday, Sept. 17. Also 15-foot working-boat race, for a purse of $50—$25 to first and $15 to second—between Ad. Cornwell, Al. Nelson, Ad. Simons, Wm. Myers and Hen Fowl. A steamboat will carry passengers from the first wharf below the water-works, Kensington, to the water-works, Camden.

BASEBALL.

PROVIDENCE vs. NATIONAL.

The Providence Club made their first appearance in Washington, D. C., Aug. 19, and were greeted by a large audience, attracted by their reputation, and especially to see Hines and Allison, who are old favorites there. The game, however, turned out very uninteresting, rain falling at intervals throughout, causing so much delay that darkness intervened at the end of the fifth inning, and making the ball so soggy that good pitching and fielding were almost impossible, as the error column indicates. The visitors scored one in the first inning on errors of Reville, Trott and Holly and a base by York, and two in the third, Sweasy going to first on called balls and getting around on a wild pitch and a passed ball, while Higham took first on a dropped fly by Fouser, and tallied on wild throws by Trott. Barnard and Allison hit safely for their bases in the fourth, but were neatly doubled up on Ward's hit to Reville, Carey having previously gone out to Kenney. The Nationals scored one in the fifth by errors of Murnan and Allison, Major and Holly making good hits, but being left on bases. The best fielding was done by Houch, Reville, Hague and Carey.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PROVID'CE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holly, l. f..	4	0	1	0	0	1	Higham, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Houch, 2d b.	3	0	0	2	5	0	York, l. f..	2	0	1	0	0	1
Banon, r. f..	2	0	0	0	0	0	Barnard, 1b.	2	0	0	6	0	1
Fouser, s. s..	3	0	0	1	1	0	Allison, c..	2	0	1	3	3	0
Trott, c..	2	0	0	3	1	5	Carey, s. s.	2	0	0	3	1	0
Kenney, 1st b	2	1	0	8	0	0	Allison, c..	2	0	1	3	3	0
Lynch, p....	2	0	0	2	3	1	Hague, 3d b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Reville, 3d b.	3	0	1	1	4	1	Ward, p....	3	0	0	0	9	1
Major, c. f..	2	0	1	1	0	0	Sweasy, 2d b	2	1	0	3	1	1
Totals..	20	1	4	15	15	11	Totals..	20	3	3	15	12	10

Providence	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	3
National	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—	1

First base on errors—National, 5; Providence, 4. Double-play—Reville, Houch and Fouser. Umpire, W. E. Stearns. Time, 1h. 46m.

In the second game, Aug. 20, neither side were able to do much batting; but the fielding of both sides was excellent, affording the patrons of the game a splendid display. Neither secured a run until the fourth inning, when Houch got first on Murnan's muff, and was sent home by a rattler for three bases by Fouser, who tallied on Trott's sacrifice-hit to Murnan. This ended the run-getting, as only one man securing first base for the remainder of the game. Murnan made a base-hit in the fifth, got second and third on a wild throw by Trott, and scored on Hague's hit; and that was all the Leaguers were able to do, though they afterwards had five men on bases. Higham made a splendid three-base hit in the ninth inning; but running between bases in attempting to come in on York's hit and run out, and the game closing with a well-earned victory of 2 to 1 for the boys with the white hose. Good batting was done by Higham, Murnan, Carey and Fouser. Fouser, Holly, Houch and Kenney played their positions to perfection, while a splendid stop and throw by Carey in the second inning, and the fine playing of Brown, Hague and Sweasy, were noticeable.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holly, l. f..	4	0	1	0	0	0	Higham, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Houch, 2d b.	3	1	0	2	3	0	York, l. f..	4	2	3	1	0	0
Barron, r. f.	4	0	0	1	3	0	Brown, c....	4	0	0	8	0	0
Fouser, s. s.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Hines, c. f..	4	0	0	2	0	0
Trott, c....	4	0	0	3	1	0	Carey, s. s.	4	1	2	0	3	1
Kenney, 1st b	3	0	1	11	0	0	Hague, 3b..	3	1	1	2	2	0
Lynch, p....	3	0	0	0	2	0	Allison, c..	3	0	1	3	3	0
Reville, 3d b.	3	0	1	1	1	0	Ward, p....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Major, c. f..	3	0	0	1	0	0	Sweasy, 2d b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals..	30	1	3	20	11	0	Totals..	33	5	8	27	13	1

Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	1
National	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0

First base on errors—Providence, 1; National, 1. Two-base hits—Fouser, Kenney and Ward. Three-base hits—York. Umpire, N. E. Young. Time, 1h. 50m.

ALBANY vs. HAYMAKER.

The reorganized Albany Club went to Lansingburg, N.Y., Aug. 22, and beat the Haymaker Club 6 to 4. On the 8th inning the Haymakers were 5 to Albany's 4. Connors put on a fly; Shoup hit well for two bags; Hayes then took the willow and bent it well by a hit over left field, sending Shoup home and making three bases himself. The excitement was great, the game then being a tie. Fair hit a long ball to left field, which was well taken and thrown home, putting Hayes out and ending the inning. Muldoon came to the bat and hit for two bases. Cummings got to first at first and Rocap on a foul fly; Barney hit to s. s., who threw a trifle wide to first, but Butler caught the ball and held it, then took a step and placed the ball on the runner, who held it long enough to have declared the runner out, but the runner rubbed the ball out of Butler's hand and went to first, and the umpire declared him not out. Muldoon came in, thus ending the game. The playing of both sides was splendid. The individual features of the game were the base-playing and batting of Muldoon and the batting of Hayes and Lewis of the Haymakers.

HAYMAKER.	R.	1B	PO.	A.	E.	ALBANY.	R.	1B	PO.	A.	E.
Butler, 1st b..	0	1	10	0	1	Nelson, s. s....	1	1	0	1	2
Lewis, c. f....	0	3	2	0	0	Pond, 1st b....	0	1	9	0	0
Craver, 2d b....	1	1	3	1	0	Muldoon, c. f..	0	0	0	0	0
Diack, r. f....	0	1	3	1	0	Muldoon, 2d b.	2	2	5	4	0
Connor, l. f....	0	0	0	0	1	Cummings, p..	0	1	0	2	0
Shoup, s. s....	1	2	1	2	1	Barney, r. f....	0	1	1	0	0
Hayes, c....	0	1	7	0	1	Barnie, c....	2	0	7	0	1
Fair, 3d b....	1	2	0	3	2	Dixon, 3d b....	0	0	2	3	0
McManus, p....	1	1	0	5	1	Fisher, l. f....	0	1	3	1	0
Totals..	4	11	27	12	7	Totals..	6	7	27	11	3

Haymaker	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	—	4
Albany	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—	1

Runs earned—Haymaker, 2; Albany, 1. First base by errors—Haymaker, 3; Albany, 2. Two base hits—Pond, 1; Muldoon, 1; Shoup, 1. Three base hit—Hayes. Double-plays—Muldoon and Pond, 2. Umpire, W. J. French of Utica. Time, 1h. 40m.

MANCHESTER vs. WORCESTER.

The last game of the International series between these teams, played at Manchester, N. H., Aug. 22, was remarkable for heavy batting and was signalized by a brilliant one-hand catch of a hot liner by Woodhead.

MANCH'TER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1b.	5	4	4	7	1	1	Sullivan, c..	5	1	1	3	2	4
O'Rourke, l. f.	5	3	1	1	0	0	Woods, l. f..	5	1	2	2	0	1
O'Leary, c. f.	5	3	2	2	1	0	Stacy, s. s..	4	1	1	1	3	1
Leary, p....	5	1	3	0	10	0	Battin, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	3	1
Hawkes, 2b..	6	0	3	1	1	0	Smiley, 2b..	4	1	1	9	2	1
Dalley, s. s..	5	1	1	0	2	0	Gillespie, r. f.	4	1	3	2	0	0
Kelly, c....	5	1	1	15	2	0	Lapham, 1b.	4	0	0	12	0	0
Woodh'd, 3b	5	2	2	3	3	1	Housoh'r, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rowen, r. f..	5	1	1	0	0	0	Matthews, p.	4	1	2	0	0	3
Totals..	46	13	19	27	20	4	Totals..	38	7	11	27	11	11

Manchester	1	1	6	0	0	1	3	0	2	0–13
Worcester	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	3	0–7

Earned runs—Manchester, 5; Worcester, 4. Two-base hits—Woodhead, Rowen, Matthews (2), Woods and Gillespie. Three-base hit—Gillespie. First base on errors—Manchester, 8; Worcester, 1. Double-plays—Kelly, Woodhead and Hawkes; Smiley and Say. Umpire, P. Hennessey. Time, 1h. 45m.

POLYTECHNIC vs. PUTNAM.

The match of Aug. 22 between these, amateur clubs of Prospect Park, which was played there, resulted in the signal success of the Polytechnics. It was one of the pennant series of games.

POLYTECHNIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PUTNAM.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Walden, 3b..	5	1	1	3	4	1	Seward....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fisher, 2d b.	5	0	3	1	2	1	Edwards....	3	0	0	2	0	0
West, c....	5	0	0	9	1	1	McGlone....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Magner, r. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0	Carter....	3	0	0	9	0	1
Vacchess, s. s	5	2	2	1	0	0	Extance....	3	0	0	9	0	1
Mallett, p....	5	2	4	0	2	0	Cox....	4	0	1	9	0	3
Hough, c. f..	5	2	1	1	0	0	Smith....	3	0	0	1	3	0
McKee, l. f..	4	1	0	1	0	0	Hanon....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wilson, 1st b	5	1	1	10	0	1	Wilson....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals..	45	10	14	27	9	4	Totals..	30	0	3	27	5	5

Polytechnic	5	0	2	0	6	1	0	0	1	0–10
Putnam	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0–0

First base by errors—Polytechnic, 4; Putnam, 1. Earned runs—Polytechnic, 3. Umpire, Mr. Farrell of the Hudson Club. Time, 1h. 20m.

NATIONAL vs. BALTIMORE.

These rival clubs of Washington and Baltimore again encountered each other at Newington Park, latter city, Aug. 17, the visitors winning by one run.

BALTIMORE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	NATIONAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Massey, 3d b.	0	1	0	3	3	Holly, l. f....	1	0	1	0	0
Schetzeline, 2d b..	1	0	1	0	4	Houck, 2d b....	0	0	1	3	0
Whiting, c....	0	1	8	1	1	Barron, r. f....	0	1	0	0	0
Malone, s. s....	0	0	2	3	1	Fouser, s. s....	0	1	0	3	0
Smith, 1st b....	0	1	12	0	0	Kenney, 1st b....	0	1	11	0	0
Arundel, p....	0	0	1	7	0	Major, c. f....	0	0	1	0	0
Groves, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0	Lynch, p....	0	0	0	1	3
Benson, l. f....	0	0	0	0	0	Revels, 3d b....	0	0	1	1	1
Haddock, c. f....	0	0	1	0	0	Trott, c....	0	0	11	1	1
Totals..	1	4	27	13	9	Totals..	2	4	27	11	9

Baltimore	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—	1
National	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	—	3

First base on errors—Baltimore, 5; National, 2. Umpire, Frank Sellman. Time, 1h. 45m.

METROPOLITAN BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

The prominent co-operative professional clubs of the metropolitan baseball district—which includes clubs within twenty miles of the New York Post office—held a meeting at the rooms of the Flyaway Club in Avenue A, New York, on the night of Aug. 19 for the purpose of arranging a championship tournament under the auspices of a regular baseball local association. For this purpose the "Metropolitan Baseball Association" was duly organized by the following clubs and delegates, represented at the above meeting: Flyaway, T. Cloughan, J. W. McDowell; Jersey City, Max Staples, C. Healy; Witoka, G. T. Bond, J. F. Base; New York, S. B. Simmons, F. O. Anderson; Montgomery, A. Hussey, Jas. F. Farrell; Orange, O. B. Day; Astor, A. B. Rankin. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and also stringent rules against "crooked" play and revolving. The International Association playing rules were also adopted as the rules under which the games for the metropolitan championship will be played. No player excelled by either the League or International Associations will be allowed to take part in any of the club contests, and no player of one nine of the contending teams will be permitted to play in another club team during the championship season. Each club must play four games with every other of the contesting clubs entering the lists, and two of these four games must be played on the latter's grounds. The grounds designated for the contests are the Union and Capitoline, Brooklyn; the Centennial, Jersey City; and the Orange Club Grounds, at Orange. On Tuesday evening, Aug. 27, the committee of the Association will meet to draw up a schedule of games for the championship to be played during September and October. The principal match days will be Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Every meeting between the contesting nines will be a championship match on the days named in the schedule. The rules of the International Association prohibiting abuse of umpires will be enforced, and it will be the endeavor of the Association to have thorough order and unobjectionable conduct characterise every match; and any club violating the Association rules will be thrown out of the tourney and be deprived of the right to contest for the prizes. The present of a pennant and silver ball as prizes for the tourney by Messrs. Wood & Decker were accepted with thanks.

DAVENPORT vs. DUBUQUE.

The Davenports visited Dubuque Aug. 14, 15, and played two very brilliant games. This is the first time these two clubs have met, and, owing to the rivalry between the two cities, a large crowd witnessed each game. The first one was won by the Dubuque in the fifth inning, Farrell scoring after reaching first on called balls, and Sullivan advancing him by a base-hit, Sullivan also scoring on errors. As a matter of course, the town was all excitement that evening; but things were doomed to sorrowful disappointment the next day, as the Davenports won after a hard-fought game. The Davenports played a faultless game for the first six innings, allowing no Dubuquer to reach first base. In the seventh inning Dubuque scored four runs on hits of Dolan, Brady, Sullivan and Byrne, and errors of Bohn, Kemmler and Day; but these were all they got, as in the next six innings the Davenports played without an error, only one man getting first. The Davenports scored one in the third, one in the fourth, one in the fifth, and one in the eighth, tieing the score on nine innings. In the thirteenth they made two, earning both by hard batting, winning the game. The audience applauded as loudly as though their own club had won, and treated the Davenports like kings on the way down Main street. Mr. Bohn, the captain, was presented with a handsome basket-bouquet on behalf of the ladies of Dubuque The Davenports went from Dubuque to Maquoketa, and played on Aug. 16, winning the game by 16 to 5. This makes eleven games the Davenports have played for the State championship, losing only one. Score of game on left:

DAVENPORT.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	DUBUQUE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McCaffrey, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	1	O'Rourke, 2b	4	0	1	8	3	1
Moyn'an, s. s	4	0	1	0	2	1	Colferd, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kemmler, c.	4	0	2	8	1	1	Comiskey, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
McPher, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Farrell, 3d b.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Magner, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Brady, 1st b.	4	1	0	12	2	0
Maskrey, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	Sullivan, s. s.	4	1	1	1	2	1
O'Day, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	Phelan, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Levis, 2d b..	3	0	1	2	3	0	Ross, l. f....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Bohn, p.....	3	0	2	0	2	1							
Totals..	33	0	9	27	9	5	Totals..	35	2	5	27	13	5

Dubuque	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—	0–2
Davenport	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0–0

First base on errors—Davenport, 1; Dubuque, 4. Umpire, D. Crotty of Dubuque. Time, 1h. 40m.

SCORE OF GAME AUG. 15:

DAVENPORT.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	DUBUQUE	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McCaffrey, 1b	6	2	2	16	1	0	O'Rourke, 2b	6	1	2	3	3	0
Moyn'an, s. s	6	0	1	3	4	0	Colferd, l. f.	6	0	0	1	0	0
Kemmler, c.	6	1	2	9	2	1	Comiskey, p.	5	0	1	4	6	1
McPher, r. f.	6	0	1	1	1	0	Dolan, c....	5	1	2	7	1	7
Magner, l. f.	6	0	1	2	0	0	Farrell, 3d b.	5	1	2	1	2	0
Maskrey, c. f.	6	0	3	2	0	0	Brady, 1st b.	5	1	1	18	0	1
O'Day, 3d b.	5	0	1	1	2	2	Sullivan, s. s.	5	1	2	1	4	1
Levis, 2d b..	5	0	0	2	4	0	Byrne, c. f...	5	0	1	2	0	0
Bohn, p....	5	0	1	2	4	1	Ross, r. f....	5	0	0	5	0	0
Totals..	54	3	12	39	17	3	Totals..	47	4	8	39	17	15

Davenport	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	—	3
Dubuque	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	—	4

Runs earned—Davenport, 2. First base on errors—Davenport, 5; Dubuque, 2. Umpire, D. Crotty. Time, 2h. 40m.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP JOURNEY.
Witoka vs. New York.

The first match of the series of contests for the championship pennant and silver ball of the Metropolitan Baseball Association took place on the Union Grounds Aug. 20, the contestants being the nine of the Witoka Club of Brooklyn and that of the New York Club. The weather was fine, the attendance numerous, everything was propitious for an interesting contest, and the game proved to be a very well-played one throughout, and a creditable victory for the New Yorks. The fielding features were the fine play of Walker of the New York nine, who displayed marked skill at first base. We have a word or two to say about this player's appearance in the New York nine, in view of the fact that his expulsion at the hands of the League-alliance Committee is on record, and also because his connection has been agreed to. If he has been allowed to play, Nichols, Devlin and the others should be too. Walker was a member of the St. Paul nine, and, just as that club was about to disband, Manager Clark of the Manchesters, aided by the captain of the St. Paul nine, induced Walker to leave the club before he was legally entitled to under the letter of the rules. Had not the disbandment of the team been in practice, operation at the time, Walker would not have left. This was his offense, and for this the St. Paul Club got him expelled. Witoka without the least taint of crookedness.

NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Anderson, 3d b.	1	1	1	1	1	Booth, 3d b....	2	0	1	3	1
Tanner, 2d b...	2	0	1	2	1	Flynn, c....	0	0	10	4	0
Brennan, s. s...	1	0	0	0	0	Ring, l. f....	0	0	1	0	0
Holder, 1st b...	0	1	0	7	0	Base, 2d b....	0	1	2	4	1
Walker, p....	1	2	18	0	1	Palmer, s. s...	0	1	2	3	1
Mack, r. f....	0	1	1	0	0	Beck, c. f....	0	1	1	0	0
Golden, c....	0	1	4	2	3	Reid, 1st b....	0	1	9	0	0
Murphy, l. f....	1	0	1	0	0	Burns, r....	0	1	2	0	0
Simmons, c. f..	0	0	0	0	0	Ryan, p....	2	0	1	8	2
Totals..	6	6	27	17	12	Totals..	5	6	27	19	11

New York	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	—	5
Witoka	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	—	3

First base by errors—Witoka, 4; New York, 5. Umpire, Mr. Fleet, Flyaway Club. Time, 2h.

RESOLUTE vs. ATLANTA.

The baseball championship in the maritime provinces of the Dominion has practically narrowed down to these two clubs, both existing in Halifax, N. S., they having vanquished all other clubs with whom they have come in contact. To decide which club shall bear the title of champions, a Morton has presented them with a finely-engraved medal, silver groundwork and gold-crossed bats, to be won in a series of best two out of three games. The first game was played on Aug. 3, when the Resolutes were defeated by a score of 11 to 7. In retaliation the Atlantas also were defeated on Aug. 9—score, 12 to 5—thus making a game each. On the 17th they met again, and after the closest and most exciting game ever witnessed there the Resolutes scored another victory by 8 to 7.

ATLANTA.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RESOLUTE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Walsh, 3d b....	5	2	1	3	2	1	Lane, p....	5	1	1	1	1	3
Jordan, p....	4	1	1	1	3	9	Coffee, s. s..	5	1	2	1	2	3
Ayers, 3d b....	5	0	0	2	2	1	I. Cruse, s. s..	5	1	2	1	2	0
Inglis, c. f....	5	1	0	1	0	0	Donohue, c....	5	1	2	8	1	0
Mitchell, 1st b.	5	1	0	7	0	0	Pender, r. f....	5	0	2	1	0	0
Power, l. f....	4	0	0	0	0	0	W. Cruse, 3d b.	5	0	0	0	2	1
Pender, 2d b...	4	0	0	0	4	0	Winsor, l. f....	6	0	1	0	0	0
Rousselle, 1st b	5	0	0	12	0	0	Graham, c. f....	5	0	0	1	0	1
Jones, c. f....	5	0	1	1	0	0	Quigley, p....	5	2	3	0	0	0
Totals..	46	8	11	27	21		Totals..	56	7	14	27	10	8

Resolute	1	0	0	2	1	0	1	0	2	—	7
Atlanta	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	—	8

Earned runs—Resolute, 5; Atlanta, 1. First base on errors—Resolute, 12; Atlanta, 4. Two-base hits—Lane and Cruse. Umpire, J. Morton. Time, 2h. 50m.

RESOLUTE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ATLANTA.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Lane, p....	5	2	2	0	10	0	Jordan, p....	4	1	1	3	9	
Coffee, s. s....	5	4	2	0	0	0	Quigley, 2d b..	4	2	1	0	2	
W. Cruse, 3d b..	5	1	1	0	2	0	Ayers, 3d b....	4	1	0	1	2	
Donohue, c....	5	1	4	14	2		Ayers, s. s....	4	1	0	1	2	
Pender, r. f....	6	0	2	0	0		Mitchell, 1st b.	5	2	0	8	0	
Winsor, l. f....	6	0	1	1	0		Inglis, c. f....	4	0	1	2	0	
W. Cruse, 3d b.	5	0	0	0	1		Pender, c....	5	0	0	12	1	
Rousselle, 1st b	5	0	0	12	0		Reyno, r. f....	5	0	0	0	0	
Graham, c. f....	5	0	0	1	0		Jones, c. f....	5	0	1	1	0	
Totals..	46	8	11	27	21		Totals..	40	7	4	27	16	

Resolute	1	0	0	2	1	0	1	0	2	—	7
Atlanta	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	—	8

Earned runs—Resolute, 5; Atlanta, 1. First base on errors—Resolute, 12; Atlanta, 4. Two-base hits—Lane and Cruse. Umpire, J. Morton. Time, 2h. 50m.

SPRINGFIELD vs. WORCESTER.

At Springfield, Mass., May 20, the Worcesters lost their third game for the International championship to the home nine. The betting was two to one on the Worcesters, and people seemed possessed with the idea that Springfield could do nothing with a club which had beaten the Bostons. The croakers were disappointed, however, as the home team easily defeated the Worcesters, Bradley, the captain, scoring one run by "coaching," scoring one on a base on balls and a passed ball by Baker. There was no very brilliant fielding done by either side. In their anxiety to prevent the man at the bat from getting near first base the Worcesters sent five men to the bases on balls. In the seventh inning Corcoran strained a tendon of his arm and resigned his place to Blong. He will probably be obliged to lay up for several games.

SPRINGFIELD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, c. f....	1	2	4	0	0	Sullivan, c....	0	0	4	4	1
Curran, l. f....	0	0	2	0	0	Woods, l. f....	0	0	1	0	2
Bradley, p. 2d b.	2	1	0	2	0	Stacy, s. s....	0	0	0	2	2
Blong, p., r. f..	1	0	2	2	1	Battin, 3d b....	1	0	2	2	3
McGeary, s. s..	1	2	1	5	1	Smiley, 2d b....	0	0	7	5	3
Spruce, 3d b....	2	1	0	2	2	Gillespie, r. f..	0	0	2	0	0
Wolf, 1st b....	0	0	9	0	0	Lapham, 1b....	0	0	12	0	0
Corcoran, p., r. f	0	2	1	1	2	Household'r, c. f	0	0	1	0	0
Baker, c....	0	1	4	1	1	Matthews, p....	0	0	0	5	4
Totals..	6	9	27	12	8	Totals..	1	2	27	18	13

Springfield	0	2	0	0	1	3	1	0	0	—	6
Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	1

Earned runs—Springfield, 1. Two-base hits—Corcoran, Brady.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Aug. 26.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucille
Arnold, Ella
Bridges, Nora
Bailey, Julia
Bryant, Nellie E.
Benson, Jennie
Bradley, Leonora
Benedict, Mrs Lew
Bane, Fannie
Brooks, Mrs. Kate
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Brevoort, Kate
Bainbridge, Clara
Bryant, Nellie
Byron, Lizzie
Bunrett, Ada
Clancey, Venie
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Courtland—Ella and Clara
Canissa, Elsa
Chase, Lollia(club-swinger)
Courtright, Mrs. W.
Connolly, Sadie
Campbell, Annie
Cassell, Fanny (2)
Denton, Anna
Dixon, Blanche
Douglass, Fannie
Dare, Leona
Espenan, Mrs. Jas.
Etzeltine Sisters
Fox, Mrs J. W.
Furmin, Katie E.
Fields, Emma
French Twin Sisters
Furbish, Dollie Pike
Freeman Sisters
Fisk, May
Fisher, Emma 15c.
Forrest, Lillian
Gibbons, Mrs. Frank
Graham, Tillie 3c.
Holbrook, Alice
Hall, Lillie
Henderson, Lillie
Hill, Marian
Howard, Nellie (jig-dancer)(2)15c.
Hutchinson, Alice
Logan
Hackwell, Miss H. L.
Harlaud, Rose
Howard, Lulu
Jourdan, Alicia
Johnston, Emma
Jester, Mrs. Bessie
Kemball, Jennie
Kenyon, Lida
Love, Ella
Lindsay, Jennie
Laurent, Mrs. Hennie
Lane, Josie
Lynn Sisters
Lucille, Fannie
Leigh, Maude
Lang, Ione
Lawrence, Medora
Maxwell, Kate (2)
Maco, Mrs. Jennie
Mitchell, Lottie
Morgan, Annie
Morel, Ione (2)
Matthews, Mrs. Lauretta (2)
Mortimer, Estelle
Markley, Edna
Moore Sisters
Madagascar Family, The
Newton, Stella
Nelson, Sarah (2)
(care M. B. Leavitt)
Norman, Mrs. (*see* Mattie Penoyer)
Nakowitz, Eugenie
Parker Sisters (song-and-dance)
Prestige, Fannie
Palmer, Minnie
Pomeroy, Louise
Ranson, Olivia
Richmond, Josie
Rice, Johanna
Raymond, Ida
St. Clair, Eva
St. Felix, Madam (2)
Sylvester, Louise
Sauville, Tillie
Stuart Sisters
St. Felix Sisters
Sanford, Mrs. Sami. (2)
"Soprano"
Selwyn, Blanche
Siddons, Mrs. Ida
Scott, Mrs. Robt. 12c.
Sanderson, Mrs. L.
St. Clare, Rose
Stetson, Louise
Thompson, Venie
Turner, Della
Totti, Louise (*see* Lulden, sc.
Wallace, May
Wa dron, Kate
Warner, Mrs. Amy
Watson, Mrs. Fred
Wade, Mrs. Hattie
Warner, Jessie
Zoe, Mlle. (2)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aiken, J. L.
Andress, W. R.
Allen, Robt. (of Londonderry Circus)
Avery, Frank
Arnot, Robt.
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Arlington, Wm.
Andre, E. A.
Addley, Joseph
America & Europe "A. B."
Arnold Bros.
Armstrong, A.
Atkins, W. A
Amealia, J. F.
Alexander, Willie B.
Benton, Geo.
Burbank, A. P.
Bush, Frank
Bruno, John S.
Barr, Geo. (musician) 3c.
Bidwell, David
Bowen, Eli (curiosity)
Blitz' Palace of Wonders, F. R.
Boyd, John (of Belfast, Ireland)
Blind Boone's Manager (2)
Bush, E. T.
Bryant, Neil (2)
Batchelder, W. H
Butler, Manager (of Lowell)
Bidwell, Frank
Bonner, Robt. (tenor)
Bouciault, Dion
Brown, Harry
Bennett, Harry
Barnes, Lucien
Carr, J.
Clarke, Kit (2)
Corvella, Robt.
Costello, G. B.
Cresswell, A.
Cohen, Geo.
Carroll, R. M.
Cotton, Wm.
Clark, W. (of Emerson & Clark)
Collum, Andy
Cotton, Jas. (2)
Creston, W. H.
Cahill, W. B.
Cody, W. F.
Chase, Mr. (late Chase & Davis)
Coney, Harry (of Coney, Foy & McCarthy)
Cook, De Witt
Cutler, R. J.
Carson, Kit Jr.
Carroll, Charley
Cooper, Chas. M. (musician)
Dixon, J.
Dudley, Dick
Davis, C. L. 3c.
D'Arcy, W.
Dorsey, Henry
Devere, Sam
Devonear, Peter
Dyllon, J. F.
Dockstrader, Mr. (writer)
Dorr, Howard
Director" (2)
Durustan, R. J.
Drisco, R. 41
Dunphy, Frank
Deboise, Gus
Ducello, Dan
Dobson, Frank (2)
Dickson, Jr., A.
"Egyptian Mystery"
Elliot, C. P. (of Pavillion Circus)
Emidy, J. A.
Ellis, J. r., John L.
Edwards, Tom
Edgerly, L. S.
Fox, Jos. E.
Forepaugh, Adam
Fielding, John
Florence, W. J.
Fowler, F. (2)
Fox, Eddie (of S. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Flemming, W.
Freise, J. (2)
Frey, Chas.
Ferguson, R. V.
Frohman, G.
Fanton & Fenton
Forbes, Ned
Graham & Jennie
Ward
Grover, Leonard
Gulick, Jos. A.
Grant, W. F.
Griffith, Morris
Goodwin, Jas. M.
Gilson, F. S.
Gaffney, W. A.
Gilday, Chas.
Griffith, W. N. (actor)
Grisel, Louis
Gladstone, John (3)
Gregory & Maddon
Gorowx, Emil
Gaylor, Chas.
Gossner, Charley (2)
Gilbert, Billy
Gilday, Chas.
Geyer, Frank
Gregory, Geo. L. G. N.
Harwood, Harry
Hamilton, Sam
Howard, Lester (6)
Harvey, Wm.
Holmes, J. W.
Hurlburt, W. A.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Howard, J.
"H. A. O." (banjoist)
Hamilton, Wiley
Holloway, J. Frank (2)
Haverly's Minstrels
Hall, G. W. (showman)
Horner, Nat
Hastings, Geo.
Howe, W. A.
Horgan, W. W.
Howard, Billy C.
De Haven's Cir.)
Hicks, C. H.
Ayers, Harry
Huntley, Mr. (banjoist)
Hall, Jas. (of Hall & Delaud)
Hughes J. (of Speiger & Hughes)
Ingersol, Henry
Johnson, R. J.
Jeffrey, J. H.
Jones, J. & Cresson
Knight, Geo. S.
Kiraly Bros. (2)
Kopp, H.
Kurts, (4)
Kelly, John T.
Kenyon, Chas.
Kraly, Jacob
Kenyon, Pete
Keyes, Harry (3)
Kent, Chas. F.
Kupsch, Chas. Frank
Lewith, Alex. H.
Long, J. G.
Leslie, Harry
Leotard Bros. (2)
Lucas, Sam
Lant, Jerry
Lenhardt, J.
Lorella, T. A.
Lyman, John
Lane, Chas.
Lennon & Ryan
Laine, J. H. (agent)
Leland, Mat
Lyle, Jas. (c.
Lockhart, — (one-arm-man)
Lee, J. H. (of N. O. Minst.)
Lavarnie, J.
Lavarnie, Harry & Carry
Lillie, Hudson
Leavitt, M. B.
Lester & Allen
Laiscelle, Lyman
Lilley, C. A.
Leotards
Lorella, John C.
McIntyre & Heath
Mack, Johnny
McDonald, James
MacEvoy, W. S.
Manning, LaFevre
Murray, Burt (Strausburg Clock)
Mackey, Frank
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
McCoy, Dave
Manager C. W. (3)
Maas, Jas.
Martin, Harry (manager) (2)
Morris, Andy (2)
Messenger, Jas. (2)
McGlynn, Frank
Meade, Harry
Murrias, Charlie
Mortimer, Gus
Mackey, John S. (dram. author)
Multon, M. J.
McMillan, Chas.
Nurse, Fred
Nobles, Milton
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Nefsil, Frank
Newell, U. D.
Ober, Geo.
Oakes, S. B.
Orrin Bros.
Purdy, Geo.
Piercy, Saml.
Pope, Chas.
Pearl, C. C.
Proprietor of Two-legged Horse
Parker, Prof.
Parmlee, Hank
Pratt, Chas
Perry, M.
Pastor, Tony
Parker, Lewis
Pfaff, Henry
Penfield, J. Hayle
Quillius, W. W.
Robinson, Harry
Reilly, B.
Revolti, Sig.
Russell, J. (of Gibbons & Russell)
Rumbal, J. G. (3)
Rogers, Loraine
Rickaby, John
Robinson, Wm. B.
Ryan, B.
Randolph, J. (late of CapeMay, N. J.)
Roberts, Wm.
Rothwell, T. G.
Reagan, Tommy
Reilly, John (2)
Rochelle, Harry
Rooney, Pat
Reed, Chas. F.
Stout, J. H.
Sothard, Harry
Smith, Robt. P.
Sanz, A. W. (of Hanson & Sanz)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Stowe, Burt (of Rochelle & Lucus)
Sheridan Bros.
Sutton, Johnny
Sheridan, W. F. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Showers, A. (trained dogs)
Sheridan, W. F. (of Sheridan Bros.) (2)
Smith, Shirley
Snow, R. E.
Sprague, Chas. (2)
Staper, Hal
Sarsfield, Steve
Showers, Andy (juggler)
Smith, W. H.
Stanley, R. E.
Sprague, Dan
Stowe, Will H.
Stanley, Burton
Simmons, Jere
Sivalls, Charley
Sells, E. Sc.
Tissot, Julius
Trevlic, Walter
Turner, G. W.
Thompson, Denman
Turner, Jno. M.
Walton, J. E.
Wilson, Harry (cloggist) (2)
Wood, C. W.
Washburn, Leon
Waldron, Wallis
Wilson, G. (of S. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Wookville, Jas.
Wallack, Watty
Weitzel Bros.
Willcot, Frank
Wells, Harry (leader)
Wiggins, T. A. (magician) (2)
Wilson, Ned
Welch "bit")
Walling, D. (of Reynold & Walling)
Ward, T. (of Fox & Ward)
Walcott, Geo. (tragedian)
Welch, Fayette
Wilkins, Harry
Warner, Prof. (with Wild West of Borneo)
Williams, Louis
Wilson, Harry
Wills, Fred. E.
Woodson, Harry
White, Chas. G.
Zegrino

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for D. M. Burns, Van Amburgh's Circus; Charles Hunt, agent, Holbrook & Hutchinson's Circus; Sam Thos. Healy, Hilliard & Hunting Circus; Sam Cole, Metropolitan Theatre; and Green Berry, agent, Howe's Circus.

THERE ARE LETTERS for the following professionals at Cambridge & Co.'s Dramatic Agency, Chicago, Ill.: James Webster (3). Eddie Webster, Mrs. J. P. Hill, Katie Putnam, Payce De Vere, Quinlan Brothers, Fred Wyman, Maude Sheppard, Quinlan Brothers, and John J. Feron.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Aug. 26, '78.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and thus it is that we already have premonition of what our managers have in store for us. As we mentioned in THE CLIPPER several weeks ago, the season about opening will present us with some of the best and most diversified attractions ever offered the patrons of amusements. It is not the city alone that is to be so favored, it is not solely the metropolis that is to have such an extraordinary bill of fare during the campaign of 1878-9 before us, but in almost every section of the country, we find managers perfecting their arrangements by which every style of entertainment will be presented in succession. An unusually large number of stars, both native and imported, have been engaged to go the grand round of houses devoted to the legitimate drama, and combinations and the lighter class of attractions will greatly add to the interest of the approaching season. A glance at the various departments of our record of theatrical and show news, as well as at the many official announcements made by managers through our advertising columns, will give the reader a very fair idea of the lively competition about to begin. What is termed the preliminary experiment has been productive of encouraging results, and augurs well for the prosperity of the regular term. So favorable, indeed, has the August opening proved, that some managers who did not intend to begin before September, have concluded to anticipate the time selected for ringing up the curtain, and join the advance skirmishers. The doors of quite a number of theatres will be opened in the course of the week; and should the weather be as pleasant as it was the past week, fair returns may confidently be counted upon. Additional official "calls" for the gathering of companies engaged are published in this issue of our paper, and proprietors of halls everywhere give notice of the changes and improvements made in their establishments during the Summer for the comfort and convenience of the public, and for the accommodation of combinations and stars about to start on their annual tours.....The season to come promises to be as merry as a marriage bell; and yet for some it may sound the funeral knell. Indeed, the week just closed witnessed the obsequies of several connected with the theatrical profession in this city, while from New Orleans and other sections our correspondents send in the sad record of death's doings among mimic representatives on the stage of life. It is a painful record, and the end is not yet. It were well that the Lethe should all these disclosure a terrible state of affairs. Thousands fled at the first approach of the plague; but thousands more, unable to get away, are shut up in the fever-beleaguered cities, only waiting the dread call that may sooner or later summon them for "the last scene of all." Let sweet charity plead in behalf of the sick and the dying in the afflicted cities of the South; let the Northern heart beat responsive to the appeals of their sorely oppressed brethren of the infected districts. With what more noble deed could our managers inaugurate the new season than by giving a series of benefits in aid of the fund for the relief of Southern sufferers? The theatrical profession never turns a deaf ear to calls for aid. Why not raise a theatrical fund for the benefit of the sorely-tried South? Who will be the first to move in this matter? Who will take the initiative in the cause of Charity, Benevolence, Humanity? The plague threatens to rage so long as it has material to feed upon, unless frost sets in. Physicians seem to exert their skill in vain; nurses are stricken down while ministering to the wants of their patients, and but few to bury the dead. In such desolation and suffering let the stage stretch forth its open hand, and exert its influence to ameliorate the terrible condition of their Southern brethren.....The latest cable news gives continued assurance of the favor with which Gilmore's Band is being received on its triumphal march. One of the largest audiences ever assembled in Leipsic is recorded as having attended Gilmore's farewell concert on the 21st of Aug. O rapsodie! Better far, even, than the "Rapsodie Hongroise!" Notwithstanding the strain and pressure upon the mouth, there was never a lip sick in any of the concerts given by Gilmore in Leipsic. This speaks well for the improved condition of our representatives abroad.....Rose Eytinge comes back flushed with victory, so to speak; and, bless you, she has already been interviewed, acquitting herself and her interviewer in the most easy manner with "hands down." The London critics treated her kindly, we are glad to know, and she was asked to dinner. Her Nancy Sikes appears to have found favor even in the analytic eyes of Robert Buchanan. For ourselves, we never took very kindly to Nancy, believing her to be a little too muscular a maiden for ordinary purposes; but then, muscle is not to be despised. James, exercise yours by turning the crank:

NANCY SIKES.

If Robert Buchanan admires
The muscular Nancy Sikes,
It shows that the theatre inspires
Some very peculiar likes.
He speaks of the strength of her gestures,
But suppose that in anger or scorn
Miss Eytinge's protestations should hit him,
Would he say this Rose has a thorn?

Guess not!.....We want to ask you something. Francis Chanfrau, Esq., is shortly to open an engagement at the Bowery in the new drama of "Crooked." We are sorry he intends to introduce such a pernicious and demoralizing element in east-side theatricals, for how can we expect anything but crooked work where all the actors are "Crooked" players?.....Mary Anderson, who has but two sobs and one thought, come before us on Thursday evening, Aug. 29, as Parthenia. Let us hope that, to give eclat to the inauguration of Messrs. Fiske & Harkins' season, there will be an overflowing in-go to see the Ingomar and the in-go Par-thenia of the occasion. (Should there be any depraved souls without though sufficient to see this little squib, we have no objection to give suitable explanation, with diagrams, if the disorganized applicants will call upon Dennis Kearney or the Potter Investigating Committee.—ED.).....Seeing an advertisement in THE NEW YORK CLIPPER of a cow-with-five-legs for sale, we sought to interview the cow, but the owner wouldn't have it unless we put up. This, in the present depressed condition of the money market, we were not prepared to do; but we expressed a doubt as to the *odd fee*t-ure of the alleged cow; whereupon the genial owner of the animal agreed to give us a hundred-dollar bill for a cow-with-*one-pous* attached—as a *for-feit* if his cow hadn't *five feet*! [The ever wide-awake Jim suggests that we "put on to it aul rites reserved," which we do.—ED.).....We knew that Boston would do it if it were ever done. That new wrinkle, of which you may have taken notice in General CLIPPER, now confers upon audiences the right to hiss, but makes special provisions for the free admission of the Police Commissioners to all places of public amusements. That is right. The Hub's overworked and poverty-stricken Commissioners should have a little relaxation by all means; and if hissing is their favorite pastime, let them indulge in it without stint. Meantime they might sing this

SONG OF THE FREE.

We'll all go in, the Commissioners say,
We'll all go in, for there's nothing to pay,
And don't like the play, don't like the play,
For there's no harm in hissing!

...Are you in favor of universal suffrage? [We had prepared something to go in here that would have convulsed the house with laughter, we are sure; but some dishonest thief has got into our through our memoranda, stolen several happy thoughts which we had booked, and sailed for Liverpool in one of last Saturday's steamers. We never knew of so many crimes as there were last week. Its sad, very.—ED.).....Don't you remember our telling you a week ago that a black squall would reach Long Island coast about the 24th? It has gone! Well, sure enough, our prediction proved to be as true as preaching. And we don't make a feature of this kind of thing, either.....More thievery. Some irreligious purloiner has stolen a diamond ring from Annie Ward Tiffany, and no questions asked. Has Annie Ward offered any reward for the return of the ring? She certainly should be done, whether the ring be recovered or not.....If you should become somewhat disturbed after gorging yourself with green apples and watermelons, tell you what to do—call at the Theatre Comique, Interview Dr. Harrigan-Hart, and ask for a little of their "Lavender." Never know of fall-down children of unripe age may take it with impunity. ["That's so"—O. J.].....Another thing we want to tell you in strictest confidence: At the Theatre Brighton, to-night, "The Invisible Prince" may be *seen* for the first time! Don't give it away.....Next week "Mazeppa" will be revived at Niblo's Garden. If they can get a good horse, as untamed, fiery-eyed that will not kick or upset things, as so many of the horses of the Ukraine breed are apt to do, we think the revival will succeed. We do not favor the idea of introducing Jubilee singers in the play, and yet—but no matter.....They have a ladies' orchestra in Atlantic Garden, and the best part of it is they are Viennese ladies. We never felt so sorry for a man as we did for Levy the cornet-player when the sharp myrmidons of the law played him for a flat, and served a citation upon him while *he* imagined that it was a fair lady he was waiting for. It is no wonder if he played false notes at Coney Island for that.....Some clarionet is an energetic man with money should open the Globe Theatre, and an equally persevering man with capital throw asunder the portals of the Olympic, New York City would present the astonishing spectacle, the coming season, of every theatre in the city being open and in working order.....If anybody has a pure white elephant for sale cheap and will take a note for three hundred and sixty-five days in payment, we know an enterprising sideshowman who will take a partner with a small amount of money, and run the thing through the Fall and Winter. Here is a chance for propagators of white elephants.....Could the late lamented come back within a few weeks, they might truly exclaim: "Alas, how soon we are forgotten!".....The reason they never employ mules in equestrian spectacles on the stage is that they are not steady enough to go through once, when the horse engaged for the piece failed to put in an appearance owing to his having to tow a boat several miles on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, a one-eyed mule was hurriedly substituted; but the vicious beast was the ignorantest failure we ever came across, knocking one side of the stage completely off its centre of gravity, and killing three supes, several more of us escaping with the greatest difficulty. We have never since recommended a mule for stage purposes—that is, for the dramatic stage. [We thought this story would be of greater general interest than it now seems to be. It is barely possible that the mule may have been the thief who got into

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Aug. 17, is as appended:

Out of respect to the memory of Mr. Montague, the California Theatre closed its doors on the evening of Aug. 12. Miss Mary Wilford will open the re-engagement of three weeks as Mignon. She was ably supported by Wm. Harris as Wilhelm Meister, J. N. Long as Frederic, and Mrs. G. R. Saunders as Zaffi. The new company, composed of Miss Marie Prescott, Russell S. Bassett, Frank (). Cotter and Fred Bock, engaged expressly for this theatre, also made their first appearance in this play, but they apparently failed to please. The play was well mounted, and the scenery very handsome and appropriate, but the attendance was very light during the week. "Fanchon" and "The Pearl of Savoy" are the next attractions. In addition to the present company, the star will receive the support of Miss Louise Cobb, who will make her debut. Robson and Crane begin their engagement Sept. 2.....Fred Lyster's translation of "Les Fourchambault," was produced at Baldwin's 12 to a very large audience, and it made a decided hit. It has met with such a cordial reception and attracted such large business as to warrant the management in continuing it for another week. It is one of the best comedies of modern times, combining as it does artistic acting, beautiful scenery, and elegant and appropriate stage appointments. The dialogue is witty and brilliant, and the situations are mirth-provoking and interesting. The cast was unexceptionably strong, the parts being admirably suited to the different members of the company. Never did James O'Neil appear better than in the role of Monsieur Bernard, which he rendered in a quiet, manly and earnest style. Miss Rose Wood's Marie Letellier was a performance without blemish. Lewis Morrison's portrayal of Leo, the village idiot, was powerful and intelligent. Miss Keegan, fickle, yet good-hearted, was rendered in that gentleman's usual finished manner. F. F. Mackay, who could hardly act badly, was excellent as Fourchambault. The st

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ROUTE: THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., Sept. 9, one week; OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 16, one week; KERNAN'S NEW CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 23, one week; ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 30, one week.

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